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WHAT HAS BEEN THE PROGRESS AND SUCCESS OF AMERICAN LITERATURE AND POETRY ?

HAVING attempted to give a slight sketch of the causes which retard the progress of American literature, we shall now enter into them a little more narrowly, with a view more especially to their influence on poetry.

The intellectual progress of a nation is dependent on a thousand moral and physical causes, amongst which the spirit of their government, and above all, the nature of their occupations, may be reckoned the chief. The climate too, to which Montesquieu attributes so much, must undoubtedly have a considerable effect on the mind ; but this influence cannot be compared with that which the spirit of a nation's occupations exerts. Nature, for the happiness of man, has wisely ordained that we should insensibly accommodate ourselves to our situations ; and thus our daily habits make an impression on our mind, similar to that which is produced on the surface of a stone, by the perpetual dropping of water. Hence any pursuit which requires continued and minute attention, necessarily excludes occupations of a higher cast, and renders the mind unfit to entertain expanded and lofty thoughts. An exclusive pursuit of one object, not only prevents the mind from acquiring new ideas, but also incapacitates it for the reception of them.

Of all occupations, those of commerce, especially in the detail, are least fitted

for the developement of poetical excellence. In almost every other situation in life—in the labours of the scholar—the dangerous path of the soldier—the simple and healthy toils of the shepherd and the husbandman, there is matter from which the poetical mind can extract ample and pleasant nutriment. But in the mean and uninteresting details of commercial transactions, in accounts current, and balancings, and prices current, in the rise and fall of the markets, and in nice calculations of profit and loss, a man may seek and find his worldly advantage, but with it he too often acquires a narrow and contracted mind, which prevents him from making a true use of those advantages which Fortune has placed in his power. We do not by any means wish to decry the incalculable advantages which a country enjoys, from the possession of an extended and flourishing commerce, we only assert that it is in vain to look for enlarged and accomplished minds, in those who follow such pursuits. All men cannot perform all things ; it is, therefore, perhaps too much to require any vast mental exertion from these indefatigable labourers, who so earnestly seek to enrich themselves, and consequently their country.

In taking a view of American literature we shall find it pretty much in this state. The Americans would, perhaps, vehemently deny it. They would say,

'we have academies, and colleges, and literary institutions, we encourage literary men, and we are a reading people.' All this may be very true, and yet America may be unable to produce any literary work, which is either original or excellent. It is an attempt, and nothing more. The national mind in America is yet in its infancy, it is busy in storing riches, and has no time to impart them. Society is not sufficiently advanced, there is no public call for the exertion of intellect, they are sufficiently interested in the routine of their daily occupations to feel no cravings for literary enjoyment. In old countries, such as England, there are thousands and tens of thousands of the higher, and even the middle classes, who have no other employment but what the literary market affords them, and it is in general these classes which furnish our authors. In America, though reading forms an incidental and pretty general employment, it is, we apprehend, never the sole source of interest. The Americans have heads of colleges, and professors and teachers, and men eminent in various departments of science; but they have not a class of disengaged literati, such as exists in England. As the Americans acquire riches and importance, their frame of society will alter, and a more due and equal cultivation of letters will ensue.

Another circumstance has been mentioned, as possessing a powerful influence over the literature of nations—the form of government. The historical evidence of this fact, if examined, will be found very strong, though the mode in which it operates, is by no means so well understood. Under an oppressive and despotic government, literature never continued to flourish, and never will; it is too much to assert that it has never flourished at all under such influence, for some of the most splendid eras of national literary excellence, have been marked by the subjection of the people, and the establishment of tyrannical power, of which the times of Pericles, of Augustus, and of Louis the Fourteenth are proofs.

While a despotic government, from its debasing the public mind is invaria-

bly hostile to the true interests of letters, however for a time it may seem to foster and protect them; a republic, on the other hand, always preferring the useful to the ornamental, does not afford much encouragement to such pursuits.

In a country where the advantages of the different forms of government are united, as in England, where the freedom of democracy is joined to the useful patronage which the court and the nobles can bestow, literature has the best prospect of splendid and lasting success. There will be nobler and higher genius displayed in such a country, than under a despotic monarchy, and it will meet with more encouragement than the austerity of republican minds would be willing to confer. England is indeed a proud instance of the effect of political institutions on national literature.

These observations may perhaps account, in some degree, for the small progress which the Americans have made in letters, and if we, at the same time, consider the nature of their pursuits as a nation, they may not inadequately account for it. It now remains for us to examine more particularly, the mode in which these disadvantages operate on the literature of the Americans, and more especially on their poetical literature. The most striking feature in their compositions, is, the want of original and deep thought, such as proceeds from minds, which have intensely studied the mysteries of their art. Another failing is, a want of consistency and equality in their writings, and a great absence of good taste. From a poverty of invention, they are also led into a great habit of imitation, in which they are frequently run away with by their bad taste. As a nation, they write precisely like a young author, whose irregularity has not yet been chastened down into severity of thought and a dignified equality of execution. We may meet as we read, much good and some beautiful writing; but when we turn the leaf, it is more than probable that we shall meet with some sentiment or expression, to use an artist's phrase, entirely out of *keeping*, something which runs completely counter to all our pre-conceived

ideas of taste and judgment, and which has almost power to obliterate the preceding beauties from our mind. This unfortunate lack of true poetical judgment, is no where so perceptible as in their national poems, if indeed they may be so called, where the poet celebrates the valour, wisdom, and excellence of his country. In these compositions, the causes we have endeavoured to explain, as influencing American literature, are more powerfully operative. There is in most of them, (for they are not without exceptions,) the most complete want of dignity and taste, accompanied with an amazing degree of pretence and bravado.

The American poets form no particular school. They generally take some of our standard authors as their model, and follow with such steps as they may. Most of them pursue the system of the French school, while others track the footsteps of some of our modern bards. Amongst the former may be reckoned the '*Airs of Palestine*,' and amongst the latter, the '*Bridal of Vaumond*,' the writer of which, however, seems to aim at something more original.

It would be very possible, to form an exceedingly pleasing little anthology from the works of these gentlemen, should we select only the best written portions of their volumes; but this we are afraid would hardly tend to elucidate the truth of our speculations, so that our readers may depend upon seeing both good and bad.

The *Airs of Palestine* by Mr. PIERPONT, has attracted some notice in England, and is, on the whole, a pleasing poem. The author informs us, that it was written in the cause of charity, and was intended to form a part of the performances of an evening concert, for the benefit of the poor. It is written with much ease and harmony, and bears the marks of a pen accustomed to poetical composition. The theme of the poet is music, and, as the title imports, sacred music, and it is managed with no small degree of ingenuity and taste. Indeed, Mr. Pierpont possesses more of the latter quality, than any of the transatlantic bards who have fallen into our hands.

The locality of the poem, is displayed in the following lines—

"I love to breathe where Gilend sheds her balm;
I love to walk on Jordan's banks of palm;
I love to wet my foot in Hermon's dews;
I love the promptings of Isaiah's muse:
In Carmel's holy grotts I'll court repose,
And deck my mossy couch with Sharon's deathless rose."

The following picture is as fair a specimen, as we can select of Mr. Pierpont's talents—

"Seest thou that shepherd boy, of features fair
Of eye serene, and brightly flowing hair,
That leans in thoughtful posture on his crook,
And statue-like, pores o'er the pebbly brook?
Yes: and why stands he there, in stupor cold?
Why not pursue those wanderers from his fold?
Or, mid the playful children of his flocks,
Toss his light limbs, and shake his amber locks,
Rather than idly gaze upon the stream?—
That boy is lost in a poetic dream:
And while his eye follows the wave along
His soul expatiates in the realms of song,
For oft where yonder grassy hills recede,
I've heard that shepherd tune his rustic reed;
And then such sweetness from his fingers stole,
I knew that music had possessed his soul.
Oft in her temple shall the votary bow,
Oft at her altar breathe his ardent vow,
And oft suspend, along her coral walls
The proudest trophies that adorn her halls;
Even now, the heralds of the monarch bear
The son of Jesse from his fleecy care,
And to the hall the ruddy minstrel bring,
Where sits a being, that was once a king;
Still on his brow, the crown of Israel gleams,
And cringing courtiers still adore its beams,
Though the bright circle throws no light divine,
But rays of hell, that melt it while they shine."

The following address to the Deity is the most poetic part of the volume—

"O! Thou Dread Spirit! being's end and source!
O! check thy chariot in its fervid course—
Bend from thy throne of darkness and of fire,
And with one smile immortalize our lyre!
* * * * *
Still hast thou stooped to hear a shepherd play,
To prompt his measures, and approve his lay—
Hast Thou grown old, Thou who for ever livest!
Hast Thou forgotten, Thou who memory givest!
How on the day thine ark, with loud acclaim
From Zion's Hill to Mount Moriah came,
Beneath the wings of cherubim to rest,
In a rich veil of Tyrian purple drest;
When harps and cymbals joined in echoing clang,
When psalteries tinkled, and when trumpets rang,
And white-rob'd Levites round thine altar sang!
Thou didst descend, and rolling through the crowd,
Inshrine thine ark and altar in thy shroud,
And fill the temple with thy mantling cloud.
And now, Almighty Father, well we know,
When humble strains from grateful bosoms flow,
Those humble strains grow richer as they rise,
And shed a balmy freshness on the skies."

It is however, evident, that these extracts exhibit very few signs of genius; this is such poetry, as any man of a quick and cultivated mind, would write without difficulty. Mr. Pierpont endeavours, in his preface, to defend the use of double rhymes, which occur very frequently in this poem. To a certain degree, they undoubtedly lighten the monotony of the heroic verse, but Mr. P. has made an unsparing use of them, which gives too great an air of levity to a poem like the present, especially when he is treading upon religious ground.—Witness the following :

“ There in dark bowers embosomed, Jesus flings
His hand celestial o’er prophetick strings ;
Displays his purple robe, his bosom gory,
His crown of thorns, his cross, his future glory :—
And while the group, each hallowed accent gleaning,
On pilgrim’s staff, in pensive posture leaning ;—
Their reverend beards, that sweep their bosoms, wet
With the chill dews of shady Olivet,—
Wonder and weep, they pour the song of sorrow,
With their lov’d Lord, whose death shall shroud the
morrow.”

It is perhaps scarcely fair to bring forward *The Bridal of Vaumond* as a criterion of American talents, as the writer tells us ‘that he is yet a youth, and, amongst the rhymers of the day, ‘a child,’ in a legal as well as a poetical sense of the term.’ We believe, however, that this ‘child’ has obtained a certain celebrity on the other side of the Atlantic, and the *Bridal of Vaumond* has been mentioned, by a writer in a popular Northern publication, as one of the finest of the transatlantic compositions. We cannot join in this eulogy.—The poem possesses, and in no inconsiderable degree, all the faults which characterise all the writings of the Americans. It is crude, careless, and pretending, with great attempts at effect, and with very little taste. In the preface, the author insinuates, that fame is his object in publishing, and he seems slyly to hint, that it was Mr. Pierpont’s also, though he veiled it under the cloak of charity.

“The author publishes from none of the avowed motives of his countrymen, neither at the solicitation of friends, for the good of the poor, nor for his own good. He is not ashamed of ac-

knowledging, that the impelling principle is the same with that which instigates all authors, whose reasons are worth scrutinizing.”

The author is a disciple of Walter Scott, with introductory epistle, &c. in due form, and with a sufficient, and more than sufficient change of stanza. Spencerian and heroic, and octo-syllabic verse, with many other kinds, for which names have never yet been invented, consisting of lines of various length, from three syllables to ten, are all mixed up together, to the no small discomfiture of regular ears ; the plot of the romance is shortly as follows.—

Vaumond, the son of a peasant, deformed in body, and of a greater contortion of mind, sells the reversion of his soul to the powers of darkness for earthly beauty, honour and dominion, or as the author expresses it :—

“ He hath given the whole
To the mountain powers,
Body and Soul,
He is our’s !”

—But the evil gifts are to be recalled, when he acknowledges the power of the cross, and he is forthwith to be condemned. The fair Isabel is beloved by a true knight Lodowick, but Vaumond is his rival. At a tournament, the satanic knight conquers Lodowick, who had no such powers, and receives from the hand of beauty the reward of valour, at which circumstance Lodowick appears to have been chagrined, as we are told, that

“——wounded pride and recent smart,
Were burrowing in his inmost heart.”

This displeasure is not removed, when at a banquet where Isabel was present,

“ He saw the baron clasp her hand,
He heard her tones divinely bland,
Breath’d into his rival’s ear ;
That glance so arch—its living light
Had fir’d the frozen anchorite”—

Of course the earthly knight challenges the supernatural one.

“ Then meet me if thou durst”—He cried,
And left the hall with hurrying stride.”

Lodowick ought to have known with what kind of an enemy he was

dealing, before he provoked him, for he is seized in his own castle by some of his rival's ministers, blind-folded, and carried away, from the mode of conveyance, we should suppose to Ireland.

"Now the jolt of a car he feels,
He caught the rumbling of the wheels."

It appears, however, that he was transported to Mount Etna, and confined in a chamber, in the midst of the volcanic mountain, from which he is at last, fortunately spit up by an eruption; not however, before he had beheld his rival conversing with some of his suspicious looking friends.—The Knight proceeds, and on his way, hears an old peasant singing "a descant wild," which turns out to be the lamentation of Vaumond's father, over his son's undutiful conduct, in forsaking him for the mountain powers. We certainly must confess it a very impartial account which he gives of his offspring—

"The child grew up of dwarfish size,
Huge feet, crook'd legs, and goggle eyes,
With bow-bent back, and monstrous head."

Lodowick having heard his tale, invites the peasant to accompany him promising him innumerable Ave Marias, at Messina.

In the meantime, the plans of Vaumond are rapidly coming to maturity. Rugero, the father of Isabel, on his death-bed, "bids them tie the knot of fate," and dies; and the baron desires that the ceremony may be immediately celebrated in a neat chapel of his own, without any pomp, or attendants; Isabel, who does not hesitate, on account of her father's illness, dutifully obeys—Vaumond, leads his bride down a flight of steps, to which there seemed no termination, but at length they reached a chamber, which appears to have been his Satanic Majesty's Chapel of ease.—The cross is seen reversed, and environed with flames, the book is made of dead men's skin, and the priest carefully hides his face, lest his real character should be discovered. At the moment the ceremony is to take place, the shock of an earthquake is felt, the whole scene disappears, and Isabel finds herself in the green-wood shade, supported by

Lodowick and the old peasant, who tell her, that when the earth opened before them, they were led by curiosity, to walk into the chink, where they discovered her lifeless form; and they then conducted her to a neighbouring convent. Lodowick, for a second time, challenges Vaumond, and the heroes meet in the lists. They are both required to kiss the cross, and abjure all magic aid; but this Vaumond stoutly refuses, and at last proceeds so far, as to dash the sacred symbol on the ground, and trample upon it. At this outrage every sword starts from its scabbard, and Vaumond would have perished, had he not blown his horn, at which, an army of subterraneous warriors start up, and a furious conflict ensues; Vaumond and Lodowick meet, but the sword of the latter makes not the slightest impression on his enemy; at length he seizes the large cross, and is about to dash it upon the Baron's forehead, who bends his head to avoid it—The "juggling fiends" pretend, that this is a recognition of faith, and restore him to his original deformity, and immediately after claim him for their prize, by which event every thing is set right.

So much for the plot; now for a specimen of the poetry, which is extremely unequal, in some parts rising above mediocrity, in others sinking far below it.

There are several songs interspersed in the poem, and some verses from these will give the best idea of our author's style.

A FEMALE HEART.

"Hast thou e'er marked on Ocean's breast,
When the wild wave hath sunk to rest,
The golden sunbeams play—
—As upon hearts as soft, as mild;
But ah! too oft as yielding, wild
Dances fond flattery's ray.—
Their frolic measures couldst thou tell,
Or heed their mystic union well?

* * * *

Or hast thou seen, where Autumn's blast
Around the forest leaves hath cast,
—Such wrecks can passion make!
Destroying all that once was there,
Lovely, of good report, and fair,
The boughs when whirlwinds shake—
And, from their traces couldst thou tell
The breeze that bore, or when they fell?

Or canst thou, on the boundless deep,
 The pilot lost instruct, where sleep
 The treacherous rock and shoal—
 —As darkling oft on passion's waste.
 The bark unheeding is cast,
 A shipwreck of the soul.—
 Know'st thou where'er gaunt danger's head,
 Lurks beneath Ocean's giant bed?
 Gaze on yon vault of mystery,
 Scan, if thou may'st, the galaxy,

And number every world;
 Its course fulfilled, proclaim these, burst
 Its bonds, what star shall perish first
 Unspher'd, in ruin hurl'd!
 Then, stranger, thou hast wondrous art,
 And thou canst read a female heart."

After turning over the leaves three or four times, a better extract cannot be furnished.

From Ackerman's Repository.

LONDON FASHIONS, FOR THE SUMMER.

WALKING DRESS.

A CAMBRIC muslin high dress: the body is laced behind; the back is plain, and moderately wide: the front is ornamented with lace lozenges; there are two rows let in on each side, which forms the front in the stomacher style: the waist is very long. Long sleeves, made rather tight, and finished at the hand with lace: the epaulette, which is very full, is formed into lozenge puffs by narrow tucked bands of cambric muslin. There is no collar, but a full fall of lace goes round the dress at the throat. A single flounce of very rich work ornaments the bottom of the skirt. The pelisse worn with this dress is composed of the beautiful new silk called *zephyreene*; the colour is a peculiar shade of lavender: it is made tight to the shape, long in the waist, ornamented with rosettes on the hips, and has a high collar rounded in front: the sleeve is moderately wide; it is finished at the hand by three narrow rouleaus of *gros de Naples*, each at a little distance from the other. The half-sleeve is composed of alternate folds of *gros de Naples* and *zephyreene*, which are crossed in front of the arm. The skirt is of an easy fulness, and is trimmed at bottom only with a fulness of lavender-coloured gauze, intermixed with satin to correspond. Head-dress, a bonnet composed of white *gros de Naples*: the crown is low; the brim large, but extremely becoming, formed something in the capuchin style, but to stand out a good deal

from the face; the edge of the brim is finished with blond, and a bouquet, composed of a full-blown rose, surrounded with buds and leaves, is placed in front: strings, to correspond with the pelisse, tie it under the chin. Lavender-coloured kid boots, and Limeric gloves.

EVENING DRESS.

A low dress, composed of *Urlings'* lace, figured in a leaf pattern: it is worn over a white satin slip; the waist is rather long; the back plain, and the front formed exactly to the shape of the bosom. The dress is cut much lower in front of the bust than behind. A wreath of leaves, composed of lace, and edged with pink *gros de Naples*, goes round the bust. The sleeve is a mixture of pink *gros de Naples* and rich lace: the former in full bias folds, the latter quilled between the folds; these folds are so disposed, as to form a finish to the bottom of the sleeve, which is also ornamented by two small bunches of leaves, one attached to each of the folds. The skirt is fancifully trimmed with pink *gros de Naples*, laid on plain in separate pieces; the top of each is something in the lozenge style: a rich and uncommonly good imitation of Valenciennes lace is quilled round this trimming, and a deep flounce of lace to correspond finishes it at the bottom: the effect is novel and strikingly elegant. The front hair is dressed in loose curls, which fall low at the sides of the face; it is less parted on the forehead than we have lately

seen it: the hind hair is negligently fastened up by a pearl comb; a few ringlets descend from the crown of the head to the throat, but are not suffered to fall into the neck. Head-dress, artificial flowers tastefully intermixed with the hair. Pearl necklace and earrings. White kid gloves; and white silk shoes.

SUMMER FASHIONS.

We have endeavoured to procure the most correct information respecting the summer fashions, and have seen various novelties which were to appear as soon as the mourning was at an end: we shall lay the result of our researches before our fair readers; at the same time we must observe, that, owing to the fondness which many leaders of the modes display for the French fashions, we may expect that, in the course of May, many changes will take place.

For promenade dress, we have as yet seen nothing prepared but pelisses and spencers: they are of silk, which is in general of the most substantial texture, and are lined with white sarsnet. There is as little variety in trimmings; they are principally composed of an intermixture of satin and gauze, or else satin and the same silk as the pelisse.

Spencers are made in general with a small jacket, which comes no further than the bust, and is rounded off at the sides: they are made to sit very full behind, and being short, have a jaunty air. The collars are high, and in general plain; but the epaulettes are very full: they are also made of a mixture of silk and satin.

Leghorn and silk bonnets seem likely to be equally in estimation for the promenade: we have seen several of the latter made to correspond with the pelisse or spencer with which they were to be worn, and a few also in white; but those latter seem likely to be principally confined to carriage costume. Both promenade and carriage bonnets are ornamented with artificial flowers: we have seen some very profusely trimmed at the edge of the brim

in the French style; or rather we should say they are trimmed, under the edge of the brim, with gauze or blond intermixed with white satin *coques*, or small wreaths of flowers. There does not appear any likelihood at present that bonnets will decrease in size.

Among the novelties in preparation for carriage dress, one of the most elegant is a pelisse composed of French white *gros de Naples*: there is nothing remarkable in the form of the pelisse; but the epaulettes and trimming are very novel and tasteful: the latter is composed of a mixture of pink satin and white transparent gauze; the latter is laid on full in a scroll pattern, and intersected with very narrow *rouleaus* of satin: the trimming is finished at each side with a narrow edging of pink satin. The epaulette is extremely full; it forms a large puff in front of the arm; this puff is filled with an intermixture of folds of gauze and satin placed bias. We should observe, that the trimming goes all round, and the collar and cuffs correspond with it.

Cambric and jaconet muslin are the only materials which we have seen prepared for morning dress. Gowns are made plain in the back, long in the waist, and in general to fasten behind; they are mostly laced, but we have seen a few buttoned. Sleeves are rather tight, but the epaulettes are in general very full. As yet we have not seen any morning dresses trimmed very high, nor is there any great variety in the trimming of those few already made up; worked flounces laid on plain or in waves, and headed with a fulness of muslin, or else rich work let-in in waves, with flounces between, are the only trimmings that we have as yet seen in fashionable houses.

Very few dinner dresses have as yet been made in muslin, but we have seen a good many in silk, and of a texture which we consider infinitely too substantial for the season; in fact, our *levantines*, *gros de Naples*, *reps*, and queen's silk, are almost as stout as the brocades, tissues, and damasks of our

grandmamas. Some additions have been made to our stock of silks: one of these is the material called zephyreene, and another is the *soie de Londres*, an extremely beautiful silk; it resembles levantine in substance, and satin in glossiness of texture. Those dinner gowns that we have seen, are cut low; and both morning and dinner dress is now made in a style much more advantageous to the shape, than it was a few months ago: the backs of gowns are narrower, and much more sloped than they were; and the sleeve is set in so as to give a breadth to the chest, without falling too much off the shoulder. White and coloured gauze, satin, and blond, are the materials at present used for trimmings. We have just seen one of the most novel in form that has been introduced for some time: the dress is a pale lilac levantine; the trimming is of white transparent gauze; it is laid on in a wave which is slight puckered, and each edge of the wave is finished with a very narrow lilac gauze *ruche*; between each wave is placed a bunch of leaves composed of white gauze, and edged with lilac lev-

antine: this trimming is very broad, and it has really an uncommonly striking and elegant effect.

White silk, satin, and lace, seem likely to be most in favour in full dress; a mixture of coloured silk in trimmings is a novelty which appears likely to become fashionable. Among the trimmings which we have noticed, one of the most novel and pretty is a chain composed of coloured ribbon, laid on in a zig-zag pattern, and intermixed with white blond lace; a deep flounce of blond terminates this trimming.

Full-dress gowns are all cut low, but by no means indelicately so round the bust. The sleeves are very short and full. Where the dress is of silk, the sleeve is very frequently composed wholly of lace.

There is very little novelty in millinery; artificial flowers seem likely to be more worn for the head than any thing else. It is not easy yet to decide what colours will be most fashionable; but among the dresses that we have seen, azure, levantine, pink, and lilac, were most prevalent.

From the Literary Gazette.

SOUTHEY'S LIFE OF JOHN WESLEY.

Continued from page 332.

ABOUT a fortnight subsequent to this *new birth*, and in the full career of fanatical enthusiasm, Wesley, together with Ingham and six others, left England for the Moravian Establishment at Herrnhut in Germany, of the origin and progress of which sect the author takes a rapid view. Count Zinzendorf and the Herrnhutters were at that era in a state of the grossest abomination, which was afterwards reformed, for their meaning was as unquestionably good as their means were evil. Wesley returned to London after a short absence, and Whitfield also came back from America. At this time began the practice of fitting condemned criminals for execution, which has since

been carried to so deplorable a length that murderers go out of the world in the persuasion of martyrs, and the vilest wretches (through a momentary delusion miscalled faith) die the death of saints in glory. But this was at the height of the Wesleyan excitement and enthusiasm, and before Methodism had assumed, with a consistent form, a sober character. On the 17th of February, 1739, Whitfield appeared in his "first field pulpit" at Rose Green near Bristol, and preached for the colliers of Kingswood. The chancellor of the diocese interfered, and a rupture ensued, which finally led to the separation of the new sect from the Church of England. The dreadful paroxysms

which in the earlier stages of Methodism, manifested that the disciples had been born again in grace, are now only to be found in America ; and the love-feasts have, we trust, no likeness in these wiser times. On the 12th of May, 1739, the foundation-stone of the first Methodist preaching-house was laid, in a piece of ground obtained for that purpose, near St. James's Church-yard, Bristol. Whitfield was now preaching in London, and "a layman, whose name was Shaw, insisted that a priesthood was an unnecessary and unscriptural institution, and that he himself had as good a right to preach, baptize, and administer the sacraments, as any other man. Such a teacher found ready believers ; the propriety of lay-preaching was contended for at the society in Fetter-Lane, and Charles Wesley strenuously opposed what he called these pestilent errors. In spite of his opposition, a certain Mr. Bowers set the first example. Two or three more ardent innovators declared that they would no longer be members of the church of England." Howel Harris, the first great promoter of Methodism in Wales, started at this period ; and Whitfield's first celebrated preachings in Moorfields, and Kennington Common, took place. A picture of the effect of these sermons may be copied from Wesley's statement of what happened to him at Wapping. "While," he says, "I was earnestly inviting all men to *enter into the Holiest by this new and living way*, many of those who heard began to call upon God with strong cries and tears ; some sunk down, and there remained no strength in them ; others exceedingly trembled and quaked ; some were torn with a kind of convulsive motion in every part of their bodies, and that so violently, that often four or five persons could not hold one of them. I have seen many hysterical and epileptic fits, but none of them were like these in many respects. I immediately prayed that God would not suffer those who were weak to be offended ; but one woman was greatly, being sure they might help it if they would, no one should persuade her to the contrary ;

and she was got three or four yards, when she also dropt down in as violent an agony as the rest. Twenty-six of those who had been thus affected (most of whom, during the prayers which were made for them, were in a moment filled with peace and joy,) promised to call upon me the next day ; but only eighteen came, by talking closely with whom, I found reason to believe that some of them had gone home to their houses justified ; the rest seemed to be patiently waiting for it." A difference of opinion concerning these outward signs, as they were called, was one of the subjects which had distracted the London Methodists, and rendered Wesley's presence among them necessary." Over these *new prophets*, the Methodists prevailed, though not without a considerable struggle ; and itinerant preaching began to grow common. Samuel Wesley, the elder brother, thus writes to his mother at this date—"It was with exceeding concern and grief I heard you had countenanced a spreading delusion, so far as to be one of Jack's congregation. Is it not enough that I am bereft of both my brothers, but must my mother follow too ? I earnestly beseech the Almighty to preserve you from joining a schism at the close of your life, as you were unfortunately engaged in one at the beginning of it. They boast of you already as a disciple. Charles has told John Bentham that I do not differ much, if we understand one another. I am afraid I must be forced to advertise, such is their apprehension, or their charity. But they design separation. Things will take their natural course, without an especial interposition of Providence. They are already forbid all the pulpits in London, and to preach in that diocese is actual schism. In all likelihood it will come to the same all over England, if the Bishops have courage enough. They leave off the liturgy in the fields : tho' Mr. Whitfield expresses his value for it, he never once read it to his tatterdemalions on a common. Their societies are sufficient to dissolve all other societies but their own : will any man of common sense or spirit suffer any do-

mestic to be in a bond engaged to relate every thing without reserve to five or ten people, that concerns the person's conscience, how much soever it may concern the family? Ought any married persons to be there, unless husband and wife be there together? This is literally putting asunder whom God hath joined together. As I told Jack, I am not afraid the church should excommunicate him, discipline is at too low an ebb; but that he should excommunicate the church. It is pretty near it. Holiness and good works are not so much as *conditions* of our acceptance with God. Love-feasts are introduced, and extemporary prayers and expositions of Scripture, which last are enough to bring in all confusion: nor is it likely they will want any miracles to support them. He only can stop them from being a formed sect, in a very little time, who *ruleth the madness of the people*. Ecclesiastical censures have lost their terrors, thank fanaticism on the one hand and atheism on the other. To talk of persecution therefore from thence is mere insult. Poor Brown, who gave name and rise to the first separatists, though he repented every vein of his heart, could never undo the mischief he had done."

"Samuel Wesley* died within three weeks after the date of this letter; and John says in his journal, 'we could not but rejoice at hearing from one who had attended my brother in all his weakness, that several days before he went hence, God had given him a calm and full assurance of his interest in Christ. Oh! may every one who opposes it be thus† convinced that this doctrine is of God!' Wesley cannot be suspected of intentional deceit: yet who is there upon reading this passage would suppose that Samuel had died

* In the History of Dissenters by David Bogue and James Bennet, (vol. iii. p. 9.) Samuel Wesley is called "a worldly priest, who hated all pretence to more religion than our neighbours, as an infallible mark of a dissenter!" The amiable spirit which is displayed in this sentence, its liberality, its charity, and its regard to truth, require no comment.

† This passage may probably have been the cause of the breach between John Wesley and his brother's family, and to that breach the preservation of Samuel's letter is owing.

after an illness of four hours?—well might he protest against the apprehension or the charity of those who were so eager to hold him up to the world as their convert. The state of mind which this good man enjoyed had nothing in common with the extravagant doctrine of assurance which his brothers were preaching with such vehemence during the ebullition of their enthusiasm; it was the sure and certain hope of a sincere and humble Christian who trusted in the merits of his Saviour and the mercy of his God. He died as he had lived, in that essential faith which has been common to all Christians in all ages;—that faith wherein he had been trained up, which had been rooted in him by sound education, and confirmed by diligent study, and by his own ripe judgment. And to that faith Wesley himself imperceptibly returned as time and experience taught him to correct his aberrations. In his old age he said to Mr. Melville Horne these memorable words: 'When fifty years ago my brother Charles and I, in the simplicity of our hearts, told the good people of England, that unless they *knew* their sins were forgiven, they were under the wrath and curse of God, I marvel, Melville, they did not stone us! The Methodists, I hope, know better now: we preach assurance as we always did, as a common privilege of the children of God; but we do not enforce it under the pain of damnation, denounced on all who enjoy it not.'"

Not long after this, Wesley separated from the Moravians, with strong feelings on both sides; but these time considerably healed. The Wesleyans, however, maintained the doctrine of Christian perfection in the new man; the Moravians, that a leaven of corruption remained in the old till death. But a more memorable event was the separation between Wesley and Whitfield.

"Wesley wished to obtain Whitfield's acquiescence in his favourite doctrine of perfection, the 'free, full, and present salvation from all the guilt, all the power, and all the in-being of sin, a doctrine as untenable as it was acceptable to weak minds and inflated

imaginations. He knew also that Whitfield held the Calvinistic tenets of election and irreversible decrees ; tenets which, if true, would make God unjust, and the whole Gospel a mere mockery. Upon both these subjects he wrote to his old friend and disciple, who at this time, though he could yield to him upon neither, wished earnestly to avoid all dispute. ' My honoured friend and brother,' said he in his reply, ' for once hearken to a child, who is willing to wash your feet. I beseech you, by the mercies of God in Christ Jesus our Lord, if you would have my love confirmed towards you, write no more to me about misrepresentations wherein we differ. To the best of my knowledge, at present no sin has dominion over me, yet I feel the strugglings of indwelling sin day by day. The doctrine of election, and the final perseverance of those who are in Christ, I am ten thousand times more convinced of, if possible, than when I saw you last. You think otherwise. Why then should we dispute when there is no probability of convincing ?' The Calvinistic Methodists in England, however, forced on the separation which their leader Whitfield thus deprecated in his letters from America, (1740.) " One of the leading members in London, by name Acourt, had disturbed the society by introducing his disputed tenets, till Charles Wesley gave orders that he should no longer be admitted. John was present when next he presented himself and demanded whether they refused admitting a person only because he differed from them in opinion. Wesley answered no, but asked what opinion he meant. He replied, ' that of election. I hold that a certain number are elected from eternity, and these must and shall be saved, and the rest of mankind must and shall be damned.' And he affirmed that many of the society held the same ; upon which Wesley observed that he never asked whether they did or not ; ' only let them not trouble others by disputing about it.' Acourt replied, ' Nay, but I will dispute about it.'—' Why, then,' said Wesley, ' would you come among

us, who you know are of another mind ?'—' Because you are all wrong, and I am resolved to set you all right.'—' I fear,' said Wesley, ' your coming with this view would neither profit you nor us.' ' Then,' rejoined Acourt, ' I will go and tell all the world that you and your brother are false prophets. And I tell you in one fortnight you will all be in confusion.' "

Wesley now turned to the organization of those who adhered to his opinions. The system of classing, still in practice, was adopted ; itinerancy was taken up, and lay preachers soon laboured in common with those who were originally in orders. Nelson, a stone mason in Yorkshire, greatly distinguished himself among the first in this line. The Quakers had long before given up this custom, so that it was quite a novelty : but " Cotton Mather has preserved a choice specimen of invective against Dr. Owen, by one of the primitive Quakers, whose name was Fisher. It was, indeed, a species of rhetorick in which they indulged freely, and exceeded all other sectarians. Fisher addressed him thus : ' Thou fiery fighter and green-headed trumpeter ; thou hedgehog and grinning dog ; thou bastard, that tumbled out of the month of the Babylonish bawd ; thou mole ; thou tinker ; thou lizard ; thou bell of no metal, but the tone of a kettle ; thou wheelbarrow ; thou whirlpool ; thou whirligig ; O thou firebrand ; thou adder and scorpion ; thou louse ; thou cow-dung ; thou moon-calf ; thou ragged tatterdemalion ; thou Judas : thou livest in philosophy and logic, which are of the Devil.' "

Methodism must now be considered as having taken root in the land. Meeting Houses were erected in various parts, settled upon Wesley as the head and sole director of the society. Funds were raised, and a plan of finance established. Preachers and assistants provided. To this stage Methodism had arrived in 1742, when its founder lost his mother. Two of Wesley's sisters were miserably married, a third to a clergyman named Whitelamb, and the fourth died of a broken heart. Wesley

preached seven evenings in succession from the tombstone of his father at Epworth, and the historian says "Some remarkable circumstances attended Wesley's preaching in these parts. Some of his opponents in the excess of their zeal against enthusiasm, took up a whole waggon load of Methodists, and carried them before a justice. When they were asked what these persons had done, there was an awkward silence; at last one of the accusers said, 'Why, they pretended to be better than other people; and, besides, they prayed from morning till night.' The magistrate asked if they had done nothing else.—'Yes, Sir,' said an old man, 'an't please your worship, they have converted my wife. Till she went among them she had such a tongue! and now she is as quiet as a lamb!'—'Carry them back, carry them back,' said the magistrate, 'and let them convert all the scolds in the town.'" "Methodism, as we have just stated had assumed form and consistence. Meeting-houses had been built, societies formed and disciplined, funds raised, rules enacted, lay preachers admitted, and a regular system of itinerancy begun. Its furious symptoms had subsided, the affection had reached a calmer stage of its course, and there were no longer any of those outrageous exhibitions which excited scandal and compassion, as well as astonishment. But Wesley continued, with his constitutional fervour, to preach the doctrines of instantaneous regeneration, assurance, and sinless perfection." The populace however began to persecute the new sect; and, though frequently protected by the local magistracy, and by the laws, some instances occurred in which the former forgot their duties, and the latter were outraged. Wesley himself, had more than once very narrow escapes with life and limb; and his followers were often treated with great brutality. As the rebellion of 1745 approached, they suffered in proportion to the belief that they were disaffected and dangerous. In Cornwall, especially, the founder was maltreated; and Nelson, Maxfield, and others, were pressed, imprisoned, and ill-used. Field

preaching thus became a service of great danger; and it is worth while to record, that itinerancy was very different from what it would be in the present day, for then there were no turnpikes in England, and no stage-coach which went farther than York. In many parts of the northern counties, neither coach nor chaise had ever been seen, and Wesley usually travelled on horseback, accompanied by one of his preachers, and reading as he rode. Some idea of the hardships endured may be gathered from the following extract.

"At the commencement of his errantry, he (Wesley) had sometimes to bear with an indifference and insensibility in his friends, which was more likely than any opposition to have abated his ardour. He and John Nelson rode from common to common, in Cornwall, preaching to a people who heard willingly, but seldom or never proffered them the slightest act of hospitality. Returning one day in autumn from one of these hungry excursions, Wesley stopt his horse at some brambles, to pick the fruit. 'Brother Nelson,' said he, 'we ought to be thankful that there are plenty of blackberries, for this is the best country I ever saw for getting a stomach, but the worst that I ever saw for getting food. Do the people think that we can live by preaching?' They were detained some time at St. Ives, because of the illness of one of their companions; and their lodging was little better than their fare. 'All that time,' says John, 'Mr. Wesley and I lay on the floor; he had my greatcoat for his pillow, and I had Burckett's Notes on the New Testament for mine. After being here near three weeks, one morning, about three o'clock, Mr. Wesley turned over, and finding me awake, clapped me on the side, saying, 'Brother Nelson, let us be of good cheer, I have one whole side yet; for the skin is off but on one side.'"

It is worth adding, that Wesley was finely alive to the effects of natural situation in the spots which he selected for his preaching; insomuch that some of his landscapes are drawn with all the enthusiasm of a feeling and skilful artist.

It may be supposed that the Methodist labours were most effectual among the middle and lower orders. Wesley, "writing to some Earl, who took a lively interest in the revival of religion, which, through the impulse given, directly or indirectly, by Methodism, was taking place, he says, 'To speak rough truth, I do not desire any intercourse with any persons of quality in England. I mean, for my own sake. They do me no good, and, I fear, I can do none to them.' To another correspondent he says, 'I have found some of the uneducated poor who have exquisite taste and sentiment; and many, very many of the rich, who have scarcely any at all.'—'In most genteel religious people there is so strange a mixture, that I have seldom much confidence in them. But I love the poor; in many of them I find pure genuine grace, unmixed with paint, folly and affectation.' And again, "How unspeakable is the advantage in point of common sense, which middling people have over the rich! There is so much paint and affectation, so many unmeaning words and senseless customs among people of rank, as fully justify the remark made 1700 years ago, *Sensus communis in illâ fortunâ rarus*."—'Tis well,' he says, 'a few of the rich and noble are called. Oh! that God would increase their number. But I should rejoice, were it the will of God, if it were done by the ministry of others. If I might choose, I should still, as I have done hitherto, *preach the gospel to the poor*.' Preaching in Monk-town church, (one of the three belonging to Pembroke,) a large old ruinous building, he says, 'I suppose it has scarce had such a congregation in it during this century. Many of them were gay genteel people; so I spake on the first elements of the gospel: but I was still out of their depth. Oh, how hard it is to be *shallow* enough for a polite audience!' Yet Wesley's correspondence with the few persons over whom he obtained any influence in higher life, tho' written with honest and conscientious freedom, is altogether untainted with any of that alloy which too frequently appeared when

he was addressing those of a lower rank. * * *

"But though Wesley preferred the middling and lower classes of society to the rich, the class which he liked least were the farmers. 'In the little journeys which I have lately taken,' he says, 'I have thought much of the huge encomiums which have been for many ages bestowed on a country life. How have all the learned world cried out,

O fortunati nimium, bona si sua norint,
Agricolæ!

But, after all, what a flat contradiction is this to universal experience! See the little house, under the wood, by the river side! There is *rural life* in perfection. How happy, then, is the farmer that lives there!—Let us take a detail of his happiness. He rises with, or before the sun, calls his servants, looks to his swine and cows, then to his stable and barns. He sees to the plowing and sowing his ground in winter or in spring. In summer and autumn he hurries and sweats among his mowers and reapers. And where is his happiness in the mean time? Which of these employments do we envy? Or do we envy the delicate repast which succeeds, which the poet so languishes for?

O quando faba, Pythagoræ cognatu, simulque
Uncta satis pingui ponentur oluscula lardo!

Oh the happiness of eating *beans well greased with fat bacon*; nay, and *cabbage* too! Was Horace in his senses when he talked thus? or the servile herd of his imitators? Our eyes and ears may convince us that there is not a less happy body of men in all England than the country farmers. In general their life is supremely dull; and it is usually unhappy too; for, of all people in the kingdom, they are the most discontented, seldom satisfied either with God or man.' Wesley was likely to judge thus unfavourably of the agricultural part of the people, because they were the least susceptible of Methodism." At this era of Methodism, "even where it was well established, and, on the whole, flourishing, there were great fluctuations, and Wesley soon found how little he could depend upon the

perseverance of his converts. Early in his career he took the trouble of enquiring into the motives of seventy-six persons, who, in the course of three months, had withdrawn from one of his societies in the north.—The result was curious. Fourteen of them said they left it because otherwise their ministers would not give them the sacrament :—these, be it observed, were chiefly Dissenters. Nine, because their husbands or wives were not willing they should stay in it. Twelve, because their parents were not willing. Five, because their master and mistress would not let them come. Seven, because their acquaintance persuaded them to leave it. Five, because people said such bad things of the Society. Nine, because they would not be laughed at. Three, because they would not lose the poor's allowance. Three more, because they could not spare time to come. Two, because it was too far off. One, because she was afraid of falling into fits :—her reason might have taught Wesley a useful lesson. One, because people were so rude in the street. Two, because *Thomas Nesbit* was in the Society. One, because he would not turn his back on his baptism. One, because the Methodists were mere Church-of-England-men. And one, because it was time enough to serve God yet. The character of the converts, and the wholesome discipline to which they were subject, is still farther exhibited, by an account of those who, in the same time, had been expelled from the same Society :—they were, two for cursing and swearing, two for habitual sabbath-breaking, seventeen for drunkenness, two for retailing spirituous liquors, three for quarrelling and brawling, one for beating his wife, three for habitual wilful lying, four for railing and evil speaking, one for idleness and laziness, and nine-and-twenty for lightness and carelessness.—It would be well for the community if some part of this discipline were in general use."

The aid of lay-preachers was very unpalatable to Wesley at first ; but it was forced upon him by circumstances, and in the individual cases zeal was the

only qualification which he required. "If the aspirant possessed no other requisite for his work, and failed to produce an effect upon his hearers, his ardour was soon cooled, and he withdrew quietly from the field ; but such cases were not very frequent. The gift of voluble utterance is the commonest of all gifts ; and when the audience are in sympathy with the speaker, they are easily affected ;* the understanding makes no demand, provided the passions find their food. But, on the other hand, when enthusiasm was united with strength of talents and of character, Wesley was a skilful preceptor, who knew how to discipline the untutored mind, and to imbue it thoroughly with his system." "No founder of a monastic order ever more entirely possessed the respect, as well as the love and admiration of his disciples ; nor better understood their individual characters, and how to deal with each according to the measure of his capacity. Where strength of mind and steadiness were united with warmth of heart, he made the preacher his counsellor as well as his friend : when only simple zeal was to be found, he used it for his instrument as long as it lasted. An itinerant who was troubled with doubts respecting his call, wrote to him in a fit of low spirits, requesting that he would send a preacher to supersede him in his circuit, because he believed he was out of his place. Wesley replied in one short sentence, 'Dear brother, you are indeed out of your place ; for you are reasoning, when you ought to be praying.' And this was all. Thus tempering his authority, sometimes with playfulness, and always with kindness, he obtained from his early followers an unhesitating, a cheerful, and a devoted obedience. One of them, whom he

* Sewel relates, with all simplicity and sincerity, in his History of the Quakers, that his mother, a Dutch woman, preached in her native language to a congregation of English Friends, and that though they did not understand a single word, they were nevertheless edified by the discourse.—A man returned from attending one of Whitfield's sermons, and said it was good for him to be there : the place, indeed, was so crowded, that he had not been able to get near enough to hear him ; "but then," "I saw his blessed wig !"

had summoned from Bristol to meet him at Holyhead, and accompany him to Ireland, set out on foot, with only three shillings in his pocket. It is a proof how confidently such a man might calculate upon the kindness of human nature, that, during six nights out of seven, this innocent adventurer was hospitably entertained by utter strangers, and when he arrived he had one penny left. John Jane (such was his name) did not long survive this expedition: he brought on a fever by walking in exceeding hot weather; and Wesley, recording his death in his journal, concludes in this remarkable manner:—‘All his clothes, linen and woollen, stockings, hat, and wig, are not thought sufficient to answer his funeral expences, which amount to 1*l.* 17*s.* 3*d.* All the money he had was 1*s.* 4*d.*—Enough for any unmarried preacher of the gospel to leave to his executors!’

Mr. Southey gives us here brief epitomes of the ‘*Experiences*’ of some of

the early coadjutors in Methodist proselytism, such as John Oliver, John Pawson, Alexander Mather, Thomas Olivers, John Haime, Sampson Staniforth, George Story, &c. whose lives present considerable variety, and amusing biographical incident. The wives of itinerant preachers came to be allowed 4*s.* per week, during the absence of their husbands, and 1*l.* per quarter for each child. When the husband was at home, 1*s.* 6*d.* a day was allowed for his board, at the rate of 6*d.* for dinner, and 4*d.* for breakfast, tea, and supper. When invited out, the allowance was deducted. In 1748, Kingwood School near Bristol, was also, through the bounty of Lady Maxwell, established for the education of fifty boys, and some very small provision was made for the preachers themselves. The annual conferences began in 1744, when J. Wesley, C. Wesley, four other clergymen, and four lay co-operators, met for the first time on the affairs of the society.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES OF EMINENT PERSONS.

GEORGE III.

THE munificence of the King was noble as it was discriminating.—During his illness in 1789, a committee was appointed to examine the state of the privy purse. When out of an income of £60,000 per annum, it was found that his Majesty never gave away less than £14,000 a year in charity!

The first morning the king was at Worcester, which was in August, 1788, he went down the street incog. He was soon recognized, and when he came upon the bridge, he turned round to the people and said—‘This, I suppose, is Worcester New Bridge?’—‘Yes, please your majesty,’ said a cobbler.—‘Then,’ said he, ‘my boys, let’s have a huzza!’ His majesty set the example, and a fine shout there was. Afterwards they continued huzzaing him all the way to the palace.

The second morning the king was

out at half after five. He went to the lodgings of Col. Gwynn and Col. Digby. The maid-servant was cleaning the door. The girl threw down her mop, and ran away to the bell. The King stopped her, and desired her to show him where the *fellows* slept. The girl obeyed, and his majesty went himself and called them up. The Colonels leaped out of their beds as if surprised in camp by an enemy, but the king was off, and they were obliged to run over the town to find him.

The virtue of humanity was one which his majesty was always particularly careful to instil into the minds of his children. On one occasion at breakfast, while the king was reading a newspaper, one of the younger branches of the family, looking up in the queen’s face, said, ‘Mamma, I can’t think what a prison is!’ Upon its being explained, and understanding that the prisoners

were often half starved for want, the child replied, 'That is cruel, for the prison is bad enough without starving; but I will give all my allowance to buy bread for the poor prisoners!' Due praise was given for this benevolent intention, which was directed to be put in force, together with an addition from their majesties.

In the severe winter of 1784-5, his majesty, regardless of the weather, was taking a solitary walk on foot, when he was met by two boys, the eldest not eight years of age, who although ignorant that it was the king, fell upon their knees before him, and wringing their little hands, prayed for relief.—“The smallest relief,” they cried, “for we are hungry, very hungry, and have nothing to eat.”—More they would have said, but a torrent of tears checked their utterance. The father of his people raised the weeping supplicants, and encouraged them to proceed with their story. They did so, and related that their mother had been dead three days, and still lay unburied; that their father, whom they were also afraid of losing, was stretched by her side on a bed of straw, in a sick and hopeless condition; and that they had neither money, food, nor firing at home. This artless tale was more than sufficient to excite sympathy in the royal bosom: his majesty therefore ordered the boys to proceed homeward, and followed them until they reached a wretched hovel. There he found the mother dead, apparently through the want of common necessities, the father ready to perish also, but still encircling with his feeble arm the deceased partner of his woes, as if unwilling to survive her. The sensibility of the monarch betrayed itself in the tears which started from his eyes; and leaving all the cash which he had with him, he hastened back to Windsor, related to the queen what he had witnessed, and sent an immediate supply of provisions, clothes, coals, and every thing necessary for the comfort of the helpless family. Revived by the bounty of his sovereign, the man soon recovered; and the king, to finish his good work, educated and provided for the children.

His majesty asked lord Denbigh, after the civil list debate in the house of lords, who were the principal speakers? He was told that lord Talbot shone more than any one else, especially in stating the great expense which his majesty was at from having such a number of children. This made the king laugh heartily. The next levee lord Talbot was present at, the king went immediately up to him. ‘So, Talbot, I find I have offended you most egregiously, and that you have abused me by bell, book and candle.’ The old lord, struck half dumb, faltered out, “Sir—your majesty—sir, I hope—surely,” &c. Upon which the king, laughing still more, said, ‘Why, my lord, you are very angry I find at my presuming to have so many children.’ “Lord, sir!” ejaculated his lordship. ‘It is very true, my lord, I assure you: you complained heavily the other day in the house of lords at the number of tables necessary upon account of such an unconscionable number of children.’ “Indeed, your majesty has—I protest, sir, I—” ‘Nay, my lord, don’t deny it; and you said farther, that if I was a booby of a lord I might have so and so, but being a king, I ought to know better.’ The poor lord was then perfectly agitated to conceive who should have made such reports; and this made the good natured monarch laugh ten times more, who enjoyed lord Talbot’s confusion for some time before he undeceived him.

When the late king visited Portsmouth in 1789, in order to be present at the grand review, he was much pleased with the following *bon mot* of lord Lothian. A boy mounted aloft with such agility as to surprise every spectator. The king said to his lordship, ‘Lothian, I have heard much of your agility; let us see you run up after that boy.’ “Sir, it is my duty to follow your majesty.”

When his majesty was about to return thanks to the Almighty in public, after his happy recovery in the year 1789, he was advised to keep himself very warm when he visited St. Paul’s cathedral for that purpose. ‘I hope,’ replied he, ‘I shall never feel cold at church.’

The King, in one of his morning walks, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, (now his present majesty) met a farmer's servant travelling to Windsor with a load of commodities for market. Unhappily, however, the cart was stuck fast in the mud, nor could the poor fellow extricate it, though labouring with all his might. Both the king and the prince were dressed in a style of great simplicity; and as if with one impulse of humanity, they immediately rushed forward to the assistance of the embarrassed rustic. Having through dint of main strength enabled him to set his cart fairly on the road, the poor fellow, glowing with gratitude, asked them very cordially if they would accept of a cup of ale from him at the next house; adding, that as the road was dirty, they were heartily welcome to take a seat on the cart. Both these offers were of course declined, and they parted; the king having previously slipped a guinea, and the prince two guineas, into the hands of the rustic. The man was thunder-struck; nor could he help relating the particulars of his adventure the moment he reached Windsor. He was assured it must have been to the king and prince that he was so much indebted: and the only circumstance that seemed to puzzle the man himself, and make him doubt the fact, was, that the prince should have given him two guineas, while the king gave him but one. Every thing, as here related, soon reached the ears of the monarch; and happening the week following to meet the same man again on his way to market, he stopped him, and smiling, said, 'Well, my friend, I find you were rather dissatisfied with the little present I made you when we last met; the son you thought more munificent than the father. He was so, I confess; but remember, my good fellow, that I am obliged to be just before I can be generous; my son has at present nobody to care for but himself; and I (with an infinite deal more anxiety in my mind than you can possibly experience) am bound to promote the happiness of millions, who look to me for that protection, which your children

at home expect, and have a right to demand, from you.'

Previous to General Clinton's return to America, in April 1777, he demanded a formal audience of the king, and particularly requested that his letter on the affair at Charlestown should be published in the Gazette, unmutated.—His majesty answered, 'Clinton, you would injure yourself in appealing from the crown to the people. I am perfectly satisfied with your conduct. Why are you so solicitous what the multitude think of you? If you are right, twenty to one but they condemn you.' 'But my honour, Sire, appears—' 'Leave your honour to me; it will be in as good hands as if with the people.' 'Your majesty shall be obeyed. If you, Sire, are satisfied, I shall always be happy.'

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To the publishers of the Athenæum.

Gentlemen,

I observed in your Number 76. p. 244, that you had selected an interesting biographical sketch of the life of the late king of England. The conversation which passed between the King, and Mr. Adams our Ambassador, is there misstated, and as the real sentiments which each delivered at that time, are highly honourable to both—please to insert the following.

"The King then asked me, whether I came last from France, and upon my answering in the affirmative, he put on an air of familiarity, and smiling or rather laughing said, "there is an opinion among some people that you are not the most attached of all your countrymen, to the manners of France." I was surprised at this, because I thought it an indiscretion, and a descent from his dignity. I was a little embarrassed, but determined not to deny the truth on one hand, nor leave him to infer from it any attachment to England, on the other. I threw off as much gravity as I could, and assumed an air of gaiety and a tone of decision, as far as was decent, and said, "That opinion, Sir, is not misstated: I must avow to your majesty, I have no attachment but to my own country." The king replied as quick as lightning, "An honest man will never have any other."

From the New Monthly Magazine.

PRESENT STATE OF RELIGION AND LITERATURE IN SPAIN.

AS public attention is likely to be for a long time directed to Spain as the theatre of events, from which the statesman and the philosopher of every country may draw important lessons, we shall endeavour somewhat minutely to illustrate the condition of the people previous to the recent change; and thus furnish the best means of accounting for it on the most satisfactory data. It is only by investigating the causes which plunge nations into anarchy, or raise them to prosperous tranquillity, that we can profit by the impressive admonitions of history.

Our account of M. Llorente's first volume, showing how severely human nature has suffered from the endless persecutions of the Inquisition, will, perhaps, be followed up, in a future Number, with a few remarks on the concluding portion of that writer's interesting work, and has suggested the utility of our collecting some facts more immediately connected with the *actual* state of religion in Spain. In pursuing our enquiries on this subject, we have been favoured with the sight of an unpublished tract, containing the result of a journey through the Peninsula last year; which presents a faithful, lively, and able picture of the present Spanish hierarchy. To the exact truth of many of Mr. Bowring's (the author) statements, and the justice of his remarks in general, an intercourse of some time with the southern provinces of Spain enables us to bear ample testimony.

"There are," says he, "in Spain, according to Antillon's* calculations, two hundred thousand ecclesiastics. They possess immense revenues, and an incalculable influence over the mass of the people; though it is certain that influence is diminishing, notwithstanding the countenance and co-operation of a government deeply interested in preserving their authority. It would be

great injustice to the regular clergy of Spain to class them with the immense hordes of monks and friars scattered over the face of the Peninsula; some possessing rich and well-stored convents, large estates, and accumulating wealth; and others (the mendicant orders) who prey more directly on the labours of the poor, and compel the industrious to administer to their holy, uninterrupted laziness. The former, though doubtless by far too numerous, are for the most part intelligent and humane; dispensing benevolence and consolation in their respective parishes; friendly in many instances to liberty, and devoted to literature. The latter with few, but striking, exceptions, are unmanageable masses of ignorance and indolence. They live, as one of the Spanish poets happily observes—

Desde el coro al refectorio,

in a state of sensual enjoyment between the organ-loft and the refectory, to which, as the same writer (Montalvan) says, all other enjoyment is but purgatory in their estimation; the link which should connect them with the common weal for ever broken; the ties of family and friend dissolved; their authority founded on the barbarism and degradation of the people, they are interested in stemming the torrent of improvement in knowledge, which must inevitably sweep away these 'cumberers of the soil.' No society in which the sound principles of policy are at all understood, would consent to maintain a numerous body of idle, unproductive members in opulence and luxury, at the expense of the active and laborious, merely because they had chosen to decorate themselves with a peculiar insignia—to let their beards grow, or shave their heads; and though the progress of civilization in Spain has been greatly retarded, or rather it has been compelled to retrograde under the present despotism, yet, that great advances have been made since the beginning of the French invasion is too

* A distinguished literary character and patriot, not long since murdered by a hired assassin.

obvious to be denied. Much was apprehended from the recalled Jesuits: they came—not the learned, the illustrious fathers of former days, but a handful of ignorant, helpless old men, incapable of good; and, I trust, incapable of evil.

“The above event has, in fact, produced, and will continue to produce, a very favourable influence on the ecclesiastical government of Spain. Leaving out of consideration the immense number of priests and friars who perished during the invasion of their country, the destruction of convents, the alienation of church property, and the most unfrequent abandonment of the religious vow, unnoticed amidst the calamities of active war, more silent, but more extensive changes have been going on. The Cortes, when they decreed that no noviciates should be allowed to enroll themselves, gave a death-blow to the monastic influence, and since the re-establishment of the ancient despotism, the chasm left by this want of supply has not been filled up, nor is it likely to be; for the greater part of the convents, except those very richly endowed, complain that few candidates propose themselves except from the poorer classes of society, who are not able either to maintain the credit or add to the influence of the order. Examples are now extremely rare of men of family and fortune presenting themselves to be received within the cloisters, and offering all their wealth and power as the price of admission. Another circumstance, the consequence of the late war, has tended greatly to lessen the influence of the regular clergy among the peasantry and poor tradesmen. Driven from their cells by the bayonets of *enemies*, or obliged to desert them that their convents might become hospitals for their sick and wounded *friends*, they were compelled to mingle with the mass of the people. To know them better was to esteem them less, and the mist of veneration with which popular prejudice had so long surrounded them was dispersed, when they became divested of every outward distinction, and exhibited the same follies and frailties as their

fellow-men. He who, in the imposing procession, or at the illumined altar, appeared a saint or a prophet, was little when mingling in the common relations of life; he stood unveiled before his undazzled observers. For the first time it was discovered that the monks were not absolutely necessary for the preservation even of religion. Masses were celebrated as before; the host paraded the streets with its accustomed pomp and solemnity: the interesting ceremonials which accompany the entrance and exit of a human being in this valley of vicissitude, were all conducted with their wonted regularity. Still less were they wanted to implore the blessing of heaven on the labours of the husbandman, whose fruits grew and were gathered in with unvarying abundance. Without *them* the country was freed from the degrading yoke of usurpation, while success and martial glory crowned the arms of their military companions (the British), who cared little for ‘all the trumpery’ of ‘friars, white, black, or grey’; and if the contagion of their contempt did not reach their Catholic friends, they lessened, at least, the respect with which the inmates of the convent had been so long regarded.

“But in anticipating a period in which the Spaniard shall be released from monkish influence, it must not be forgotten how interwoven is that influence with his most delightful recollections and associations. His festivities, his *romerias*, his rural pastimes are all connected with, and dependent on, the annual return of some saint’s day, in honour of which he gives himself up to the most unrestrained enjoyment. A mass is with him the introductory scene to every species of gaiety, and a procession of monks and friars forms a part of every picture on which his memory most delights to dwell; and a similar, though perhaps, a stronger impression is created on his mind by the enthusiastic ‘love of song,’ so universal in Spain. He lives and breathes in a land of poetry and fiction: he listens with ever-glowing rapture to the *romanceros* who celebrate the feasts of his heroes, and surround his monks and hermits with all the glories

of saints and angels : he hears of their mighty works ; their sufferings, their martyrdom ; and the tale, decorated with the charms of verse, is dearer to him than the best of holy writ. The peculiar favourites of the spotless Virgin, their words fall on his ear like the voice of an oracle, their deeds have the solemn sanction of marvellous miracles. To them he owes that his country is the special charge of the queen of angels, the mother of God, and in every convent he sees the records of the wondrous interpositions of Heaven, which has so often availed itself of the agency of *sainted* inmates, while every altar is adorned with the grateful offerings of devout worshippers miraculously restored to health, or preserved from danger. He feels himself the most privileged among the faithful. On him 'our lady of protection' (*del amparo*), smiles ; to him the Virgin of Carmen bows her gracious head. In his eye ten thousand rays of glory encircle the brow of his patron saint, the fancied tones of whose voice, support, ensure, and encourage him : he believes that his scapulary, blessed by a Carmelite friar, secures him from every evil : his house is adorned with the pope's bull of indulgences—a vessel of holy water is suspended over his bed, and what more can he want, what danger can approach him ? His mind is one mass of undistinguishing, confiding, comforting faith. *That* faith is his religion, his Christianity ! How difficult will it be to separate the evil from the good, if indeed they can be separated ! What a fortress must be overthrown before truth and reason can advance a single step ; what delightful visions must be forgotten, what animating recollections, what transporting hopes ! Have we a *right* to rouse him from these blessed delusions ? This is indeed the ignorance that is bliss. Is it not folly to wish him wise ?

Having thus described the effects of their peculiar religious belief on the people of Spain, the author proceeds to discuss another and not less important part of the subject—the species of devotion which they are called upon to pay the Divinity.

"But, alas !" says Mr. B., "this is only one side of the picture, for however soothing, however charming the contemplation of contented ignorance may be to the imagination, in the eye of reason the moral influence of such a system is baneful in the extreme. All error is evil ; and the error which substitutes the external form of worship for its internal influence on the heart is a colossal evil. Here we have a religion, if such it may be called, that is purely ceremonial. Its duties are discharged in the daily walk of life, not by the cultivation of pure and pious and benevolent affections, but by attending masses, by reciting Paternosters and Ave-Marias, by pecuniary offerings for souls in purgatory, and by a thousand childish observances, which affect remotely, if they affect at all, the conduct and the character. The Spaniard attends his parish church to hear a service in an unknown tongue ; he bends his knees and beats his bosom at certain sounds familiar to his ear, but not to his sense : he confesses and communicates with undeviating regularity ; and sometimes, perhaps, he listens to a sermon in the eloquent style and beautiful language of his country, not indeed instructing him in the moral claims of his religion, but celebrating the virtues and recounting the miracles of some saint or martyr to whom the day is dedicated. He reads his religious duties, not in a Bible, but an almanack ; and his almanack is but a sort of Christian mythology. His saints are more numerous than the deities of the Pantheon, and, to say the truth, there are many of them little better than these.

"He is told, however, that his country exhibits the proudest triumphs of orthodox Christianity. Schism and heresy have been scattered, or at least silenced : and if in Spain the eye is constantly attracted, and the heart distressed, by objects of unalleviated human misery ; if the hospitals are either wholly unprotected, or abandoned to the care of the venal and the vile ; if the prisons are crowded with a promiscuous mass of innocence and guilt in all its shades and shapes of enormity—what does it

matter? Spain, catholic Spain, has preserved her faith unadulterated and unchanged; and her priests assure us that an error in creed is far more dangerous (or, to use their own mild language), far more damnable than a multitude of errors in conduct. A depraved heart may be forgiven, but not an erring head. This is in fact the fatal principle, whose poison spreads thro' this strongly cemented system. To this we may attribute its absurdities, its errors, its crimes. In a word, intolerance, in its widest and worst extent, is the foundation on which the whole of the Spanish ecclesiastical edifice rests. It has been called the main pillar of the constitution, and is so inwrought with the habits and prejudices of the nation, that the Cortes, with all their general liberality, dared not allow the profession of any other religion than the "*Catolica Apostolica Romana unica Verdadera*." The cry of innovation became a dreadful weapon in the hands of those who profess to believe that errors became sanctified by age. Too true it is, that if long usage can sanction wrong, persecution might find its justification in every page of Spanish history, from the time when Recaredo, the Gothic monarch, abandoned his Arian principles. Long, long before the Inquisition had erected its frightful pretensions into a system, or armed itself with its bloody sword, its spirit was abroad and active. Thousands and tens of thousands of Jews and Moors had been its victims, and its founders did no more than obtain a regal or a papal license, for the murders which would otherwise have been probably committed by a barbarous and frenzied mob, excited by incendiary monks and friars."

Although the author is of opinion that the influence of the holy office has diminished, his remarks on the subject tend strongly to corroborate the statements we quoted from Llorente's work.

"The Inquisition," he observes, "has no doubt been greatly humanized by the progress of time; as, in order to maintain its influence in these more enlightened and enquiring days, it has availed itself of men of superior talent, these have softened the asperity, or con-

trolled the malignity and petty tyranny of its inferior agents. Its vigilance and its persecutions, are indeed continually at work, yet, I believe its flames will never be lighted. Its greatest zeal is now directed against Freemasons, of whom immense numbers occupy its prisons and dungeons. I have conversed with many who have been incarcerated by the Inquisition, and they agree in stating that torture is no longer administered. But its influence on literature is perhaps greater than ever: for though Spain possesses at the present moment, a great number of admirable writers, the press was never so inactive. The despotism exercised over authors and publishers, is so intolerable, that few have courage voluntarily to submit to it. Often after authorizing the publication of a work, they ordered it to be suppressed, and every copy to be burnt, and never think of reparation to those who are so cruelly injured. Their presumption in condemning whatever they cannot understand, their domiciliary visits, their arbitrary decrees, against which there is no security and no appeal, make them fearful enemies and faithless friends. With the difficulty, delay, expense, and frequent impossibility of obtaining a license for the publication of any valuable work, may well be contrasted the ridiculous trash which daily issues from the Spanish press. Accounts of miracles wrought by the different Virgins, lives of holy friars and sainted nuns, romances of marvellous conversions, libels against Jews and heretics, and freemasons, histories of apparitions, and so forth, are generally introduced, not by a mere license of the Inquisitor, but by long and laboured eulogiums!"

Mr. Bowring very justly observes that the advocates of intolerance and persecution are most frequently found amongst those who are devoid of religious principles themselves. No plea of modest inquiry, of conscientious doubt, or honest difference of opinion, is permitted to oppose their wishes. He adds, with equal truth, that such men are the prime movers of restraints on toleration; that they are to be found

very abundantly in Spain, the author need hardly have told us. Mr. Bowring attributes the disinclination on the part of the more enlightened clergy to aid in any system of religious reform, to motives of personal interest: the present profession of faith is a source of great profit, and long habit has induced them to regard it as beneficial to their flocks. "Would they look round them," says this eloquent writer, "they might see the melancholy effects which superstition and intolerance produced on their hapless country. What is Seville—the once renowned Seville, with its hundred and twenty-five churches and convents? The very shrine of ignorance. It was there that the Spanish charter was trampled under foot amidst ten thousand shouts of 'Live the king and Inquisition.'—'Perish the constitution!'—Or Cordova, so long the cradle of the arts, the favourite seat of retiring wisdom? It is become the chosen abode of vice and barbarism! How many a town and city once illustrious, has sunk into nothingness! what remains of their ancient glory? The ruins of palaces, of fabrics, of store-houses and dwellings: and undilapidated churches, and monasteries, and hospitals, outliving the misery of which they have been the cause! At every step one finds in Spain enough to excite the most melancholy recollections. I went to Alcala de Henares to visit the house in which Cervantes was born. (If I had undertaken a pilgrimage I could not have repaid the enjoyment, the delight I have received from the works of this wonderful genius.) It had been destroyed, that a herd of friars might enlarge their kitchen-garden! I enquired for the MSS. of Ximenes Cisneros: they had been cut up for sky-rockets to celebrate the arrival of some worthless grandee!"

We think with Mr. B. that the statesmen and philosophers of Spain have a right to look for some benefits from the immense influence of the clergy, and their no less gigantic power of doing good; but the following picture, which he quotes from a popular Span-

ish writer of the day, explains the mystery:

"Our universities are the faithful depositaries of the prejudices of the middle ages; our teachers, doctors of the tenth century; beardless noviciates instruct us in the sublime mysteries of our faith; mendicant friars in the profound secrets of philosophy; while barbarous monks explain the nice distinctions of metaphysics; who goes into our streets without meeting *cofradias* (religious assemblies) processions, or rosaries; without hearing the shrill voice of eunuchs, the braying of sacristans, the confused sound of sacred music, entertaining and instructing the devout with compositions so exalted, and imagery so romantic, that devotion itself is forced into a smile? In the corners of our squares, at the doors of our houses, the mysterious truths of our religion are commented on by blind beggars to the discordant accompaniment of an untuned guitar; our walls are papered with records of 'authentic miracles,' compared to which, the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid are natural and credible.

"And ignorance has been the parent, not of superstition alone, but of incredulity and infidelity. The Bible, the argument and evidence of our Christian faith, has been shamefully abandoned, or cautiously buried beneath piles of decretals, formularies, puerile meditations, and fabulous histories. Monkish influence has given to the dreams and deliriums of foolish women, or crafty men, the authority of revealed truth. Our friars have pretended to repair, with their rotten and barbarous scaffolding, the eternal edifice of the gospel. They have twisted and tortured the moral law into a thousand monstrous forms, to suit their passion and their interests. They have dared to obscure with their artful commentaries the beautiful simplicity of the word of God. They have darkened the plainest truths of revelation, and on the hallowed charter of Christian liberty they have even erected the altar of civil despotism. We have indeed much religion, but no Christian charity; we

hurry with our pecuniary offerings to advance some *pious work*, but we do not scruple to defraud our fellow-men. We confess every month, but our vices last us our lives. We insist (almost exclusively) on the name of Christians, while our conduct is worse than that of infidels. In one concluding word, we fear the dark dungeon of the Inquisition, but not the awful—the tremendous tribunal of God!”*—The author adds:

“This is the representation of a Spaniard. Tho’ the colouring is high, it is a copy from nature; and the shades might have been heightened had he witnessed the conduct of numbers of the monastic orders during the late convulsions of Spain.”

Those members of the church who had apostatized on the return of Ferdinand, men who, after having exalted the constitution to the skies, and told the people they should think no sacrifice too great for its preservation, became the most irascible enemies of the patriots, when the profits and preferments held out by the restored monarch were before their eyes, are very justly apostrophised by the author, who is no less ardent in his tribute of applause and admiration, to the exiled and persecuted friends of their country. “It is,” says he, “consolatory to turn from the profligacy and vice so often prominent amidst extraordinary political revolutions, to the spirit of truth and liberty which they always elicit: and Spain has had a most triumphant list of patriots. Their names must not be recorded How wretched that country where no meed of applause may follow the track of talent and virtue—where knowledge and the love of freedom are pursued and persecuted as if they were curses and crime! Otherwise, with what delight should I speak of some who, buried in the obscurity of the cloister, or retiring into solitude from the noisy crowd, sigh in secret and silence over the wretched fate of the land of their birth, their admirable powers of body and mind fettered and frozen by the hand of despotism! All around them is slavery and igno-

rance; to them remain alone the joy of holding converse with the wise and the good of departed time, and the ecstatic hope that their country will one day burst from its death-like slumbers, and spring forth ‘into liberty, and life, and light.’”—Mr. Bowring, like many others, foretold what has come to pass. He tells those illustrious exiles, the martyrs of truth and freedom, to take heart, for a brighter and better day is about to dawn on Spain, without perhaps imagining that the emancipation of his friends was so near at hand.

This well-written and entertaining essay concludes with some very pertinent remarks on the state of Spanish literature, and those causes which have so powerfully operated against its progress of late years. “A correct idea,” he observes, “of the state of learning in Spain, might be formed from the general decline of the public *colegios* and universities, and the almost universal ignorance of those to whom the important business of education is entrusted. At Alcala de Henares, where there were formerly four or five thousand students, there are now less than three hundred, and the number is yearly declining. A similar decay may be observed elsewhere.”—

That a change of some sort became absolutely necessary, might be proved by many other facts relative to the deplorable state of Spain, as connected with its civil polity, commerce, &c. in addition to those brought forward by Mr. Bowring. For by one of those fatalities which has led to the well-known adage of—*Quem deas vult perdere, prius dementat*—being applied so frequently to Ferdinand, since his restoration by a British army, he has been sedulously occupied, amongst other things, in shackling our commercial intercourse with Spain, and laying duties on imported articles, particularly our staples, cottons, and cloths, which amounted to a prohibition. Such is the return this country has been destined to receive from more than one European-crowned head, whose existence was due to our generous sacrifices!

* The above passages are translated from a small tract called “*Pan y Toros*,” attributed to Jovellanos.

From the Monthly Magazine, May, 1820.

ACCOUNT OF THE RANTERS.

I TAKE up my pen to transmit some account of the new Society of Methodists, denominated *Ranters*.—Whether they are called *Ranters*, from any similarity they bear to the sect of Ranters that arose in 1645, who taught that they were come to restore the true church, ministry and ordinances, which they asserted were lost; or whether they are so denominated from their preaching and praying in the open air, and the general rant and noise of their assemblies, I am not able to ascertain. They are, in fact, methodists, and I do not learn that they differ at all in doctrine from the great sect of Wesleyan methodists. They seem, however, to think that the old methodists, on account of their great popularity and patronage, have in some measure deviated from the original spirit of methodism, and drunk in too much of the spirit, and conformed too much to the customs and practice of the world in their religious concerns. The Ranters seem not to admire the modern polish of Methodism, the grandeur of its edifices, the splendour of its ordinances, the improved elocution and decent solemnity of its ministry, the comparative stillness of its worship, and the general order and decorum of its assemblies. They seem to think religion cannot well exist without noise, and bustle, and ferment, and that it consists of much more than quietly believing in Christ, and doing justly, and loving mercy, and walking humbly with God. Their aim seems to be to revive the pains, and throes, and labours, and agitations, and horrid tremblings, and tumultuous joys which characterized methodism at her birth!!

However I may disapprove of the extravagance of the Ranters, I would be last to misrepresent them, or their opinions. They shall now therefore, speak for themselves. They call their meetings Camp-Meetings; the following account of which is extracted from their hymn book:

ON THE ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH CAMP-MEETINGS.

A large religious meeting, in the open air, and the first in England which bore the title of a *Camp-Meeting*, was held upon Mow,* on Sunday, May 31, 1807. It commenced about six o'clock in the morning, and continued without intermission till about half past eight in the evening. It began with one preaching-stand only; but three more were afterwards erected. The preachings were intermingled with a diversity of pious exercises; such as singing, prayer, exhortations, speaking experience, relating anecdotes, &c.

During a great part of the day, the scene was interesting; a company wrestling in prayer;—four preachers delivering the word of life;—thousands listening;—tears flowing;—sinners trembling;—saints rejoicing. Such was the first of the English Camp Meetings.

“A day’s praying upon Mow,” began first to be talked of in the year 1801. The thought rose simply from a zeal for praying, which had sprung up in that neighbourhood.—From the year 1802 to 1807, various accounts of the American camp meetings were published. These accounts strengthened the cause, and fanned the flame: and in the mean time, L. Dow, a native of America, preached in England, and gave some account of these meetings. He drew some attention to the subject, but never had a thought of attempting a camp-meeting in England; and when he left England, he had no thought of such a thing taking place.

In 1807, by a peculiar direction of Providence, a camp meeting took place as above; and two more published to be held the same year. These were strangely opposed, and as wonderfully supported, and camp-meetings gained an establishment.

* Mow is a large mountain running between Staffordshire and Cheshire; and about five miles distant from the Staffordshire potteries.

As matter of history perhaps, the following doggerel lines, taken from the Ranter's hymn book, may be admitted into your journal as illustrative of the spirit and doctrine of these religionists.

CAMP-MEETING HYMN.

When the Redeemer of mankind
Began to heal the lame and blind,
The pharisees withstood :
His condescension show'd their pride,
Yet while they loud against him cried,
He went on doing good.

Thus proud men camp-meetings withstand,
Yet they are spreading thro' the land,
The gospel still is free ;
Tho' hirelings cry they must be stopp'd,
Good men have persecution dropp'd,
And now they all agree.

The Lord a glorious work begun,
And thro' America it run ;
Across the sea it flies ;
This work is now to us come near,
And many are converted here,
We see it with our eyes.

The little cloud increases still,
That first arose upon *Mow Hill*,
It spreads along the plain :
Tho' men attempt to stop its course,
It flies in spite of all their force,
And proves their efforts vain.

Sinners at first an uproar made,
And formalists were sore afraid,
Because it broke their rules ;
'Twould bring religion in disgrace,
Begun by men so mean and base,
And either knaves or fools.

Yet still these simple souls rejoice,
And on the hills they raise their voice,
Salvation to proclaim ;
They preach, exhort, and sweetly sing,
While hills and dales with praises ring,
And sound the Saviour's name.

Some of these men are meanly drest,
Their language unrefined at best ;
And tho' the proud despise,
Their labours with success are crown'd,
The power of God does still confound
The wisdom of the wise.

They preach and pray with all their might,
Sinners constrain'd do cry outright,
But, when by grace restor'd,
Those who were weeping sore distress,
Soon as they find their souls are blest,
Rise up and praise the Lord.

Christians at camp-meetings unite,
And free from bigotry and spite,
Both sects and parties fall ;
There's no respect to persons shown,
But all as one their Saviour own,
And Christ is all in all.

2L ATHENEUM VOL. 7.

Some of the old Methodists appear to dread the spread of Ranterism, as likely to be injurious to their cause, on account of its cheapness, it requiring much less subscription to support plain Ranterism, than adorned Methodism. A very intelligent Methodist seriously expressed this idea to me, saying, "He feared those who had little to spend, and those who wished to spend but little would prefer Ranterism on the score of economy, and that Methodism would be thereby retarded in its aspiration after universal empire."

Thus far had I written, when a respectable periodical publication, (*The Monthly Repository*), coming to hand, I was agreeably surprised to find it contained some account of the Ranters. The account there given, corroborates in general the above statement ; but a few additional particulars I shall transcribe. The constitution of the Ranter's Society, is evidently intended to shame the hierarchy of the Wesleyan Methodists. It is declared, that "all members of the connection shall have equal rights, according to the station they fill in the church." The affairs of each circuit are managed by a quarter board, consisting of preachers, leaders, stewards, and *delegates*. These circuit boards are subordinate to the annual meeting, which is composed of two lay delegates and one preacher from each circuit. Those who long for a cheap religion, will surely at length be satisfied. The salary of an unmarried travelling preacher, is fixed at four pounds per quarter, together with board and lodging. For the maintenance of himself and his family, a married preacher is allowed fourteen shillings per week, and one shilling per week for one child, under the age of eight years. He is prohibited from carrying on any business, or from selling any goods or *medicines*. If, however, his wife be disposed to participate in the duties of the ministry, she is allowed to act as a travelling preacher, and is paid two pounds per quarter for her services. Why the female preacher should be stinted to half the allowance made to the male does not appear.

The love of minute regulation, is exemplified in the Ranters' minutes, by some whimsical questions, such as, "What shall be done in case of a travelling preacher's marrying?" "What shall the travelling preachers do in case of sickness?" "In what dress shall the travelling preachers appear in public?" The answer to this deserves insertion: "In a plain one; the men to wear single-breasted coats, single-breasted waistcoats, and their hair in its natural form; and not to be allowed to wear pantaloons, trowsers, nor white hats; and that our female preachers be patterns of plainness in all their dress." It appears that the circuits are four, of which the head quarters are, Tunstall, Nottingham, Loughborough, and Hull: In the Hull circuit, there are eighteen preachers and ten exhorters, whose exertions are extended to nearly thirty places, some of them above forty miles distant from Hull. The Ranters' Society, altogether, appears rapidly on the increase; these people are particularly distinguished by their adoption of merry song tunes in their psal-

modity, for it is a maxim with them, that the devil shall no longer exclusively possess all the most lively and most enchanting tunes. Indeed their psalmody in general is not calculated for serious tunes. I really was painfully amused by hearing them sing the following,

Is there any body here that wants salvation?
Call to my Jesus and he'll draw nigh.
O glory, glory, hal, hallelujah;
Glory be to God who rules on high.

I am willing to endure the sneers of the unbeliever, when I assert it as my settled opinion, that any religion that inculcates belief in a God, and a future state of rewards and punishments, especially on Christian grounds, is better than no religion at all; yet I must acknowledge it is painful to reflect on the wanderings of the human intellect, on the subject of religion. It is important to distinguish between religion and superstition. Superstition is frantic, riotous, tumultuous, censorious, uncharitable. Religion is calm, sober, peaceful, orderly, and charitable. J. PLATTS.

Doncaster, April 1. 1820.

ON THE LIVING NOVELISTS.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

"THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY."

"Here are we in a bright and breathing world."
Wordsworth.

WE esteem the noble productions which the great novelist of Scotland has poured forth with startling speed from his rich treasury, not only as multiplying the sources of delight to thousands, but as shedding the most genial influences on the taste and feeling of the people. These, with their fresh spirit of health, have counteracted the workings of that blasting spell by which the genius of Lord Byron once threatened strangely to fascinate and debase the vast multitude of English readers. Men, seduced by their noble poet, had begun to pay homage to mere energy, to regard virtue as low and mean compared with lofty crime, and to think that

high passion carried in itself a justification for its most fearful excesses. He inspired them with a feeling of diseased curiosity to know the secrets of dark bosoms, while he opened his own perturbed spirit to their gaze. His works, and those imported from Germany, tended to give to our imagination an introspective cast, to perplex it with metaphysical subtleties, and to render our poetry "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." The genius of our country was thus in danger of being perverted from its purest uses to become the minister of vain philosophy, and the anatomist of polluted natures.

"The author of Waverley," (as he delights to be stiled) has gently weaned it from its idols, and restored to it its warm youthful blood and human

affections. Nothing can be more opposed to the gloom, the inward revolvings, and morbid speculations, which the world once seemed inclined to esteem as the sole prerogatives of the bard, than his exquisite creations. His persons are no shadowy abstractions—no personifications of a dogma—no portraits of the author varied in costume, but similar in features. With all their rich varieties of character, whether their heroical spirit touches on the godlike, or their wild eccentricities border on the farcical, they are men fashioned of human earth, and warm with human sympathies. He does not seek for the sublime in the mere intensity of burning passion, or for sources of enjoyment in those feverish gratifications which some would teach us to believe the only felicities worthy of high and and impassioned souls. He writes everywhere with a keen and healthful relish for all the good things of life—constantly refreshes us where we least expected it, with a sense of that pleasure which is spread through the earth “to be caught in stray gifts by whoever will find,” and brightens all things with the spirit of gladness. There is little of a meditative or retrospective cast in his works. Whatever age he chuses for his story lives before us; we become contemporaries of all his persons, and sharers in all their fortunes. Of all men who have ever written, excepting Shakspeare, he has perhaps the least of exclusiveness, the least of those feelings which keep men apart from their kind. He has his own predilections—and we love him the better for them even when they are not ours—but they never prevent him from grasping with cordial spirit all that is human. His tolerance is the most complete, for it extends to adverse bigotries; his love of enjoyment does not exclude the ascetic from his respect, nor does his fondness for hereditary rights and time-honoured institutions prevent his admiration of the fiery zeal of a sectary. His genius shines with an equal light on all—illuminating the vast hills of purple heath, the calm breast of the quiet water, and the rich masses of the grove—now gleaming with a sacred light on the

distant towers of some old monastery, now softening the green-wood shade, now piercing the gloom of the rude cave where the old covenanter lies—free and universal, and bounteous as the sun—and pouring its radiance with a like impartiality “upon a living and rejoicing world.”

We shall not attempt, in this slight sketch, to follow our author regularly through all his rich and varied creations; but shall rather consider his powers in general of natural description—of skill in the delineation of character—and of exciting high and poetical interest, by the gleams of his fancy, the tragic elevation of his scenes, and the fearful touches which he delights to borrow from the world of spirits.

In the vivid description of natural scenery our author is wholly without a rival, unless Sir Walter Scott will dispute the pre-eminence with him; and, even then, we think the novelist would be found to surpass the bard. The free grace of nature has, of late, contributed little to the charm of our highest poetry. Lord Byron has always, in his reference to the majestic scenery of the universe, dealt rather in grand generalities than minute pictures, has used the turbulence of the elements as symbols of inward tempests, and sought the vast solitudes and deep tranquillity of nature, but to assuage the fevers of the soul. Wordsworth—who, amidst the contempt of the ignorant and of the worldly wise, has been gradually and silently moulding all the leading spirits of the age—has sought communion with nature, for other purposes than to describe her external forms. He has shed on all creation a sweet and consecrating radiance, far other than “the light of common day.” In his poetry the hills and streams appear, not as they are seen by vulgar eyes, but as the poet himself, in the holiness of his imagination has arrayed them. They are peopled not with the shapes of old superstition, but with the rich shadows of the poet’s thought, the dreams of a glory that shall be. They are resonant—not with the voice of birds, or the soft whisper-

ings of the breeze, but with echoes from beyond the tomb. Their lowliest objects—a dwarf bush, an old stone, a daisy, or a small celandine—affect us with thoughts as deep, and inspire meditations as profound, as the loveliest scene of reposing beauty, or the wildest region of the mountains—because the heart of the poet is all in all—and the visible objects of his love are not dear to us for their own colours or forms, but for the sentiment which he has tenderly linked to them, and which they bring back upon our souls. We would not have this otherwise for all the romances in the world. But it gladdens us to see the intrinsic claims of nature on our hearts asserted, and to feel that she is, for her own sake, worthy of deep love. It is not as the richest index of divine philosophy alone that she has a right to our affections; and, therefore, we rejoice that in our author she has found a votary to whom her works are in themselves “an appetite, a feeling, and a love,” and who finds, in their contemplation, “no need of a remoter charm, by thought supplied, or any interest unborrowed from the eye.” Every gentle swelling of the ground—every gleam of the water—every curve and rock of the shore—all varieties of the earth, from the vastest crag to the soft grass of the woodland walk, and all changes of the heaven from “morn to noon, from noon to latest eve,”—are placed before us in his works with a distinctness beyond that which the painter’s art can attain, while we seem to breathe the mountain air, or drink in the freshness of the vallies. We perceive the change in the landscape at every step of the delightful journey through which he guides us. Our recollection never confounds any one scene with another, although so many are laid in the same region, and are alike in general character. The soft lake among the hills, on which the cave of Donald Bean bordered—that near which the clan of the M’Gregors combated, and which closed in blue calmness over the body of Maurice—and that which encircled the castle of Julian Avenel—are distinct from each

other in the imagination, as the loveliest scenes which we have corporally visited. What in softest beauty can exceed the description of the ruins of St. Ruth; in the lovelily romantic the approach to the pass of Aberfoil; in varied lustre the winding shores of Ellangowan bay; in rude and dreary majesty the Highland scenes, where Ronald of the Mist lay hidden; and in terrific sublimity the rising of the sea on Fairport Sands, and the perils of Sir Arthur Wardour and his daughter? Our author’s scenes of comparative barrenness are enchanting by the vividness of his details, and the fond delight with which he dwells on their redeeming features. We seem to know every little plot of green, every thicket of copse-wood, and every turn and cascade of the stream in the vale of Glendearg, and to remember each low bush in the barren scene of the skirmish between the Covenanters and Claverhouse, as though we had been familiar with it in childhood. The descriptions of this author are manifestly rendered more vivid by the intense love which he bears to his country—not only to her luxuriant and sublime scenery, but “her bare earth, and mountains bare, and grass in the green field.” He will scarcely leave a brook, a mountain ash, or a lichen on the rocks of her shore, without due honour. He may fitly be regarded as the genius of Scotland, who has given her a poetical interest, a vast place in the imagination, which may almost compensate for the loss of that political independence, the last struggling love for which he so nobly celebrates.

“The author of *Waverley*” is, however, chiefly distinguished by the number, the spirit, and the individuality of his characters. We know not, indeed, where to begin or to end with the vast crowd of their genial and noble shapes which come thronging on our memory. His ludicrous characters are dear to us, because they are seldom merely quaint or strange, the dry oddities of fancy, but have as genuine a kindred with humanity as the most gifted and enthusiastic of their fellows. The laughter which they excite is full of social sym-

pathy, and we love them and our nature the better while we indulge it. Whose heart does not claim kindred with Baillie Nichol Jarvie, while the Glasgow weaver, without losing one of his nice peculiarities, kindles into honest warmth with his ledger in hand, and in spite of broadcloth, grows almost romantic? In whom does a perception of the ludicrous for a moment injure the veneration which the brave, stout-hearted and chivalrous Baron of Bradwardine inspires? Who shares not in the fond enthusiasm of Oldbuck for black letter, in his eager and tremulous joy at grasping rare books at low prices, and in his discoveries of Roman camps and monuments which we can hardly forgive Edie Ochiltree for disproving? Compared with these genial persons, the portraits of mere singularity—however inimitably finished—are harsh and cold; of these, indeed, the works of our author afford scarcely more than one signal example—Capt. Dalgetty—who is a mere piece of ingenious mechanism, like the automaton chess player, and with all his cleverness, gives us little pleasure, for he excites as little sympathy. Almost all the persons of these novels, diversified as they are, are really endowed with some deep and elevating enthusiasm, which, whether breaking through eccentricities of manner, perverted by error, or mingled with crime, ever asserts the majesty of our nature, its deep affections, and undying powers. This is true not only of the divine enthusiasm of Flora Mac Ivor—of the sweet heroism of Jeannie Deans—of the angelic tenderness and fortitude of Rebecca, but of the puritanic severities and awful zeal of Balfour of Burley, and the yet more frightful energy of Macbriar, equally ready to sacrifice a blameless youth, and to bear without shrinking the keenest of mortal agonies. In the fierce and hunted child of the mist—in the daring and reckless libertine Staunton—in the fearful Elspeth—in the vengeful wife of M'Gregor—are traits of wild and irregular greatness, fragments of might and grandeur, which shew how noble and sacred a thing the heart of man is, in spite of its strangest do-

basements and perversions. How does the inimitable portrait of Claverhouse at first excite our hatred for that carelessness of human misery, that contempt for the life of his fellows, that cold hauteur and finished indifference which are so vividly depicted;—and yet how does his mere soldierly enthusiasm redeem him at last, and almost persuade us that the honour and fame of such a man were cheaply purchased by a thousand lives! We can scarcely class Rob Roy among these mingled characters. He has nothing but the name and the fortune of an outlaw and a robber. He is, in truth, one of the noblest of heroes—a Prince of the bether and the rock—whose very thirst for vengeance is tempered and harmonized by his fondness for the wild and lovely scenes of his home. Indeed the influences of majestic scenery are to be perceived tinging the rudest minds which the author has made to expatiate amidst its solitudes. The passions even of Burley and of Macbriar, borrow a grace from the steep crags, the deep masses of shade, and the silent caves, among which they were nurtured, as the most rapid and perturbed stream which rushes through a wild and romantic region bears some reflection of noble imagery on its impetuous surface. To some of his less stern but unlettered personages, nature seems to have been a kindly instructor, nurturing high thoughts within them, and well supplying to them all the lack of written wisdom. The wild sublimity of Meg Merrilies is derived from her long converse with the glories of creation; the floating clouds have lent to her something of their grace; she has contemplated the rocks till her soul is firm as as they, and gazed intently on the face of nature until she has become half acquainted with its mysteries. The old king's beadman has not journeyed for years in vain among the hills and woods; their beauty has sunk into his soul; and his days seem bound each to each by "by natural piety" which he has learned among them.

That we think there is much of true poetical genius—much of that which softens, refines, and elevates humanity

in the works of this author—may be inferred from our remarks on his power of embodying human character. The gleams of a soft and delicate fancy are tenderly cast over many of their scenes—heightening that which is already lovely, relieving the gloomy, and making even the thin blades of barren regions shine refreshingly on the eyes. We occasionally meet with a pure and pensive beauty, as in Pattieson's description of his sensations in his evening walks after the feverish drudgery of his school—with wild yet graceful fantasies as in the songs of Davie Gellatly—or with visionary and ærial shapes, like the spirit of the House of Avenel. But the poetry of this author is, for the most part, of a far deeper cast;—flowing from his intense consciousness of the mysteries of our nature, and constantly impressing on our minds the high sanctities and the mortal destiny of our being. No one has ever made so impressive a use of the solemnities of life and death—of the awfulness which rests over the dying, and renders all their words and actions sacred—or of the fond retrospection, and the intense present enjoyment, snatched fearfully as if to secure it from fate, which are the peculiar blessings of a short and uncertain existence. Was ever the robustness of life—the mantling of the strong current of joyous blood—the high animation of health, spirits, and a stout heart, more vividly brought before the mind than in the description of Frank Kennedy's demeanor as he rides lustily forth, never to return?—or the fearful change from this hearty enjoyment of life to the chillness of mortality, more deeply impressed on the imagination than in all the minute examinations of the scene of his murder, the traces of the deadly contest, the last marks of the struggling footsteps, and the description of the corpse at the foot of the crag? Can a scene of mortality be conceived more fearful than that where Bertram, in the glen of Dernclugh, witnesses the last agonies of one over whom Meg Merrilies is chaunting her wild ditties to soothe the passage of the spirit? What a stupendous scene is that of the

young fisher's funeral—the wretched father writhing in the contortions of agony—the mother silent in tender sorrow—the motley crowd assembled to partake of strange festivity—and the old grandmother fearfully linking the living with the dead, now turning her wheel in apathy and unconsciousness, now drinking with frightful mirth to many “such merry meetings,” now, to the astonishment of beholders rising to comfort her son, and intimating with horrid solemnity that there was more reason to mourn for her than for the departed! Equal in terrific power, is the view given us of the last confession and death of that “awful woman”—her intense perception of her long past guilt, with her deadness to all else—her yet quenchless hate to the object of her youthful vengeance, animating her frame with unearthly fire—her dying fancies that she is about to follow her mistress, and the broken images of old grandeur which flit before her as she perishes. These things are conceived in the highest spirit of tragedy, which makes life and death meet together, which exhibits humanity stripped of its accidents in all its depth and height, which impresses us at once with the victory of death, and of the eternity of those energies which it appears to subdue. There are also in these works, situations of human interest as intense as ever were invented—attended too with all that high apparel of the imagination, which renders the images of fear and anguish majestic. Such is that scene in the lone house after the defeat of the Covenanters, where Morton finds himself in the midst of a band of zealots, who regard him as given by God into their hands as a victim—where he is placed before the clock to gaze on the advances of the hand to the hour when he is to be slain, amidst the horrible devotion of his foes. The whole scene is, we think, without an equal in the conceptions which dramatic power has been able to embody. Its startling unexpectedness, yet its perfect probability to the imagination—the high tone and wild enthusiasm of character in the murderers—the sacrificial cast of their intended deed in their own raised and perverted

thoughts—the fearful view given to the bodily senses of their prisoner of his remaining moments by the segment of the circle yet to be traversed by the finger of the clock before him, enable us to participate in the workings of his own dizzy soul, as he stands “awaiting till the sword destined to slay him crept out of its scabbard gradually,” and, as it were by straw-breadths, and condemned to drink the bitterness of death “drop by drop,” while his destined executioners seem “to alter their forms and features like the spectres in a feverish dream; their features become larger and their faces more disturbed;” until the beings around him appear actually demons, the walls seem to drop with blood, and “the light tick of the clock thrills on his ear with such loud, painful distinctness, as if each sound were the prick of a bodkin inflicted on the naked nerve of the organ.” The effect is even retrospectively heightened by the heroic deaths of the Covenanters immediately succeeding, which give a dignity and a consecration to their late terrific design. The trial and execution of Fergus Mac Ivor are also, in the most exalted sense of the term, tragical. They are not only of breathless interest from the external circumstances, nor of moral grandeur from the heroism of Fergus and his follower, but of poetic dignity from that power of imagination which renders for a time the rules of law sublime as well as fearful, and gives to all the formalities of a trial more than a judicial majesty. It is seldom, indeed, that the terrors of our author offend or shock us, because they are accompanied by that reconciling power which softens without breaking the current of our sympathies. But there are some few instances of unrelieved horror—or of anguish which overmasters fantasy—as the strangling of Glossin by Dirk Hatteraich, the administering of the torture to Macbriar, and the bloody bridal of Lammermuir. If we compare these with the terrors of Burley in his cave—where with his naked sword in one hand and his Bible in the other, he wrestles with his own remorse, believing it, in the spirit of his faith, a fiend of Satan—and with the sinking of Ravenswood in the sands, we

shall feel how the grandeur of religious thought in the first instance, and the stately scenery of nature and the air of the supernatural in the last, ennoble agony, and render horrors grateful to the soul.

We must not pass over, without due acknowledgment, the power of our author in the description of battles, as exhibited in his pictures of the engagement at Preston Pans, of the first skirmish with the Covenanters, in which they overcome Claverhouse, and of the battle in which they were, in turn, defeated. The art by which he contrives at once to give the mortal contest in all its breadth and vastness—to present it to us in the noblest masses; yet to make us spectators of each individual circumstance of interest in the field, may excite the envy of a painter. We know of nothing resembling these delineations in history or romance, except the descriptions given by Thucydides of the blockade of Plataea, of the Corcyraean massacres, of the attempt to retake Epipolæ in the night, of the great naval action before Syracuse, of all the romantic events of the Sicilian war, and the varied miseries of the Athenian army in their retreat under Nicias. In the life and spirit, and minuteness of the details—in the intermingling of allusions to the scenery of the contests—and in the general fervor breathed over the whole there is a remarkable resemblance between these passages of the Greek historian, and the narratives of Scottish contests by the author of *Waverley*. There is too the same patriotic zeal in both; though the feeling in the former is of a more awful and melancholy cast, and that of the latter more light and cheerful. The Scottish novelist may, like the noblest of historians, boast that he has given to his country—“*Kraus is an*”—a possession for ever!

It remains that we should say a word on the use made of the supernatural in these romances. There is, in the mode of its employment, more of gusto—more that approaches to an actual belief in its wonders, than in the works of any other author of these incredulous times. Even Shakspeare himself, in his remote age, does not appear to have

drank in so deeply the spirit of superstition as our novelist of the nineteenth century. He treats, indeed, all the fantasies of his countrymen with that gentle spirit of allowance and fond regard with which he always touches on human emotions. But he does not seem to have heartily partaken in them as awful realities. His witches have power to excite wonder, but little to chill men's bloods. Ariel, the visions of Prospero's enchanted isle, the "quaint fairies and the dapper elves" of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* glitter on the fancy, in a thousand shapes of dainty loveliness, but never affect us otherwise than as creations of the poet's brain. Even the ghost in *Hamlet* does not appal us half so fearfully as many a homely tale which has nothing to recommend it but the earnest belief of its tremulous reciter. There is little magic in the web of life, notwithstanding all the variety of its shades, as Shakspeare has drawn it. Not so is it with our author; his spells have manifest hold on himself, and, therefore, they are very potent with the spirits of his readers. No prophetic intimation in his works is ever suffered to fail. The spirit which appears to Fergus—the astronomical predictions of Guy Mannering—the eloquent curses, and more eloquent blessings, of Meg Merrilies—the dying denunciation of Mucklewrath—the old prophecy in the *Bride of Lammermuir*—all are fulfilled to the very letter. The high and joyous spirits of Kennedy are observed by one of the bye-standers as intimations of his speedy fate. We are far from disapproving of these touches of the super-human, for they are made

to blend harmoniously with the freshest hues of life, and, without destroying its native colouring, give to it a more solemn tinge. But we cannot extend our indulgence to the seer in the *Legend of Montrose*, or the *Lady of Avenel*, in the *Monastery*; where the spirits of another world do not cast their shadowings on this, but stalk forth in open light, and "in form as palpable" as any of the mortal characters. In works of passion, fairies and ghosts can scarcely be "simple products of the common day," without destroying all harmony in our perceptions, and bringing the whole into discredit with the imagination as well as the feelings. Fairy tales are among the most exquisite things in the world, and so are delineations of humanity like those of our author; but they can never be blended without debasing the former into chill substances, or the refining the latter into airy nothings.

We shall avoid the fruitless task of dwelling on the defects of this author, on the general insipidity of his lovers, on the want of skill in the development of his plots, on the clumsiness of his prefatory introductions, or the impotence of many of his conclusions. He has done his country and his nature no ordinary service. He has brought romance almost into our own times, and made the nobleness of humanity familiar to our daily thoughts. He has enriched history to us by opening such varied and delicious vistas to our gaze, beneath the range of its loftier events and more public characters. May his intellectual treasury prove exhaustless as the purse of Fortunatus, and may he dip into it unsparingly for the delight and the benefit of his species!

VARIETIES.

From the English Magazines, May 1820.

SUBLIME PHENOMENA *attending the late* ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

"*Naples, Dec. 7, 1819.*"

ALTHOUGH Vesuvius, for the last thirteen months, has never ceased to pour forth streams of lava, its activity is now rather increased. The eruption of the 25th of November

was much greater than any for the last two years. It commenced during a terrible storm, amid showers of rain, snow, and hail, accompanied by a hurricane blowing from the south, and violent peals of thunder. On the previous day, strong explosions, which excited dismay in the neighbourhood, were

heard in the crater. About four o'clock in the morning they were strongest, and a smart shock of an earthquake, which was felt as far as Naples, accompanied them. At the same time there rose from the mouth of the crater an immense pillar of fire, and a powerful stream of boiling lava rolled down the dark sides of the mountain with such velocity, that it traversed a space of more than a mile in less than an hour; and being divided into two streams, arrived before noon at the foot of the mountain, where it threatened with destruction Torre del Greco and Torre del l'Annunziata. In the latter place are singularly situated the manufactory of gunpowder, and the only foundry which the kingdom contains.—Luckily the streams of lava, which had previously been cooled by their long passage from their source, were lost in numerous ravines, and did not reach the vineyards of the district, so that no damage was sustained. M. de Gimbernat, who followed the progress of that extraordinary course of eruptions which began on the 20th of October, 1818, observed the present one from a near point of view. He observed, that the stream of lava burst forth from a new chasm, which, like that of the 28th of July last, had been formed upwards of one hundred feet from the rim of the crater, by the falling in of a considerable portion of its southern side. The breadth of the fiery stream which burst through this opening, amounted to twenty-five feet; but in its descent its breadth was doubled. It then divided itself into two branches; the largest precipitated itself into an abyss with high walls, and formed a cascade of liquid fire, of 25 feet in height and 20 feet in breadth. After this fall, the liquid lava was collected in the hollow under the old lava, like a flood under a bridge. It then descended from this first stage, to precipitate itself into another ravine, where it formed a second fiery cascade, not so high as the former, but broader. Here it was lost for a quarter of an hour in a cavity, which it then left, to form a third fall of more than sixty feet perpendicular descent, and of thirty feet in breadth. After this last cas-

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cade, the fiery torrent continued rolling on in a straight line for a quarter of an hour, over a rough surface; and when it arrived at a small hill, at the foot of the great Vesuvian pyramid, it separated itself into branches, which again subdivided themselves into minute rills, and were lost in hollows at the foot of the mountain. Such is the wonderful view which Vesuvius presented for the last eleven days; for altho' the velocity and quantity of the lava have been much diminished since the 28th of November, it still continues to flow from the cleft of the crater, and has within these two days advanced still lower. The activity in the interior of the volcano, to judge by the thundering noise which is heard upon approaching it, appears as great as ever. A few days before the last eruption, M. de Gimbernat carried a barometer to the highest point of Vesuvius. He found by means of this instrument that the height of the mountain since last January has diminished more than sixty feet by the frequent falling of the crater. After this observation it became still further diminished, as even the pinnacle on which the barometer was then fixed has fallen into the interior of the crater within these two days. It is remarkable, that, notwithstanding the extraordinary activity of Vesuvius, and its unceasing eruptions, the fountains which M. de Gimbernat discovered a year ago under the caverns of the old crater, continue unchanged to yield a pure and drinkable water. On the other hand, a second fountain which he since discovered twenty paces from the former, yields a water powerfully impregnated with chloric acid; the copiousness of which varies from day to day, according to the activity of the volcano."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

This celebrated Poet and Novelist has received from his Sovereign's hands the honour of Knighthood. This is as it should be—if ever there was one man more than another who was entitled (independently of his own descent from an alliance with highborn connexions,) to wear the honourable badges of rank, it is he, whose life and writings have so eminently contributed to the improve-

ment and happiness of mankind. In the pages of all that Scott has ever written, will not be found one passage that can be made detrimental to sound morality or purity of principle—not one position which, if followed out, will not conduce to the improvement of our knowledge, or the increase of our comfort—the variety of human character, the living identity of his person, the passions of the human heart, the elements of the human mind, their intricate combinations, their shifting appearances, are all marked and traced with a subtlety of discrimination, and simplicity of execution, so true, so delicate, yet so vigorous, as to outstrip all rivalry but that of the great dramatic bard. His life exhibits a scene of felicity and goodness consonant to the spirit of his writings. In his home and on his estate, he is truly the father of his family and his tenants, all love him, and run to court his smile, and receive his kindness, from the child of his bosom to the urchin of his lowest cottager. Notwithstanding the quantity of his works, and the celerity with which they are poured forth upon the world, he is never abstracted from society or its enjoyments—he neglects no duties, no labours of the landlord, the farmer, or the master. He is ever present where his presence is required, ever active, doing good to all, and beloved by all—and his hours pass in that independent serenity and kindly light-hearted cheerfulness, which can only be enjoyed by the consciousness of duties fulfilled, and time fully employed and used—

“As ever in his great task-master’s eye.”

Long may he live to enjoy his well-deserved honours—the delight and example of this age, as he will be of futurity.

THE NAMES MAN AND WOMAN.

“She shall be called *woman*, because she was taken out of *man*.” Gen. ii. 23. The original word in the Hebrew for *woman* is the same, with a feminine termination, as that which is used for *man*. This allusion is not easily preserved in a translation. In the Septuagint the affinity disappears entirely: the words are *γυνή* and *άνδρoς*. *Mulier* and *vir* have as little resemblance in Castalio’s version. The Vulgate endeavours to retain

the analogy: *Hæc vocabitur Virago quia sumpta de viro est*. Our translators are as successful as any. According to Verstegan, *woman* is *womb-man*, or female man. If this be the case, we are very near the original, in sound and sense.

“When the ear tingles, we imagine that we are the subject of discourse.”

This is a conceit (how to be accounted for, it is difficult to say) which is mentioned, with many others equally ridiculous, by Pliny, who by recording superstitions of this sort has principally assisted to keep them alive to the present day. He says, *Absentes tinnitu aurium præsentire sermones de se, receptum est*.

SUPERSTITION OF THE 15TH CENTURY.

To the Editor of the Imperial Magazine.

Sir,

I send you a curious instance of the superstition of our Forefathers, extracted from a MS. in the British Museum, as near as I can make out, in the reign of Richard III.; at any rate in the 15th century. W.

FOR TO STANCHE A WOUNDE A GOOD CHARME PROVYD.

God that was in Betthelem borne and Baptysed was in the water of flook Jordane, the water was wylde and wod, throw y^e Fadyr and y^e Son and y^estedfast Holygoste thre personys and oon God in Trinitie hit styлле stood, so stonche thow blood, the wyche comyth out of his wounde.

Than sey thre paternosters and thre aveys and the crede in the honere of the Trinite. Amen.

THE NATURALIST’S DIARY.

JUNE.

The innumerable species of *insects* that are called into life by the heat in this month, afford a never failing source of amusement and instruction to the admirer of Nature’s minutest works. Many of these are only discoverable by the *microscope*, and are eminently worthy of our observation. They who possess this amusing instrument may easily perform with it a variety of pleasing experiments; among others, the following;—

Leave some vinegar exposed, in a saucer, for a few days, to the open air; then place a drop of it, by means of a clean pen, or camel’s hair brush, on the transparent object-plate of the microscope; and if the object-plate be properly illuminated from

below, you will observe in this drop of liquor animals resembling small eels, which are in continual motion.

If you slightly bruise some pepper corns, and infuse them in water for a few days, and then expose a drop of it to the microscope, a number of animals of a different kind will be visible. These are of an oblong shape, and, like the others, in continual motion, going backwards and forwards in all directions, turning aside when they meet each other, or when their passage is stopped by some obstacle. In other infusions, as in that of new hay, differently shaped animalcula will be found. When the drop in which they swim, and which to them is like a pond, becomes diminished by evaporation, they gradually retire towards the middle, where they accumulate, and at length perish when entirely deprived of moisture. Previously to this they appear in great distress, writhing their bodies, and endeavour to escape from that state of uneasiness which they evidently feel. If the smallest quantity of drop of sulphuric acid be put into a drop of the infusion, which swarms with these insects, they immediately throw themselves on their backs, and expire; sometimes losing their skin, which bursts, and suffers small particles of air to escape.

Those who wish to observe the circulation of the blood, by means of the microscope, may readily obtain the desired satisfaction. The objects employed chiefly for this purpose are the delicate transparent members which unite the toes of the frog and the tail of the tadpole. If this member be extended and fixed on a piece of glass illuminated below, the motion of the blood in the vessels will be distinctly visible; the appearance resembles a number of small islands with a rapid current flowing between them. Take a small tadpole, and, having wrapped its body in a piece of moist cloth, place its tail on the object-plate of the microscope, and enlighten it below, and you will see very distinctly the circulation of the blood, which in some of the vessels proceeds by a kind of undulations, and in other with an uniform motion. The former are thought to be the arteries in which the blood moves, in consequence of the alternate pulsation of the heart; the latter are said to be the veins. The circulation of the blood may be seen also in the legs and tails of shrimps. The transparent legs of small spiders, and those of bugs, will also afford the means of observing the circulation of the blood. The latter are said, by Mr. Baker, to exhibit an extraordinary vibration of the vessels, which he never saw any where else. Very small fish are good objects for this purpose: but the most curious of all spectacles of this kind, is that exhibited by the mesentery of a living frog, applied in particular to the solar microscope. According to Mr. Baker, who saw the fact which he describes, it is impossible to express the wonderful scene which presented itself to his observation. 'We saw,' he says, 'at the same moment, the blood, which flowed in a prodigious number of vessels, moving in some to one side and in others to the opposite side. Several of these minute vessels were magnified so as to appear an inch in diameter, and the globules of blood seemed almost as large as small grains of pepper, while in some vessels they could pass only one by one, and were oblig-

ed to change their figure into that of an oblong spheroid before they could pass.'

If any doubt that the blood is formed of small particles, he may easily obtain an ocular demonstration of the subject. With the tip of a fine pen, or camel's hair brush, take a small drop of blood, just drawn from the body, and spread it as thin as possible over a piece of talc, to which apply one of the most powerful magnifiers, and the globules will be distinctly seen. By this simple method it has been found that the red globules of the human blood are each composed of six smaller globules, united together, and that, when disunited by any cause, they are no longer red. These globules are so exceedingly minute, that their diameter is only about the 1600th part of an inch, so that a sphere of one-tenth of an inch in diameter would contain 4,096,000 of them.

To proceed to the skin, its pores, and scales. If you take off a small piece of the epidermis, or scarf-skin, of the hand, by means of a sharp razor, and place it on the object-plate of the microscope, you will see it covered with a multitude of small scales so exceedingly minute, that, according to Leuwenhoek, a grain of sand would cover 200 of them. These scales are arranged like those on the back of fishes, or like the tiles of a house, each, in part, covering the other. If the form of these little scales are to be ascertained, scrape the skin with a penknife, and put the dust thus obtained into a drop of water, and it will be seen that these scales, small as they are, have in general, five planes, and that each consists of several strata. Underneath these scales are the pores of the epidermis, which when the former are removed may be distinctly seen, apparently like small holes pierced with an exceedingly fine needle. In the length of an inch 1200 have been counted, so that, in a surface equal to a square inch, there are 14,400; and as there are 144 inches in a square foot the number of pores in a square foot of surface would be more than two millions; and as the surface of the human body is reckoned at 14 feet, the number of pores in its surface, through which there is a perpetual perspiration going on, must be more than 28 millions. Each of these pores, indeed, corresponds in the skin to an excretory tube, the edge of which is lined with the epidermis. When the epidermis has been detached from the skin, these internal prolongations of the epidermis may be observed in the same manner as we see in the reverse of a piece of paper pierced with a blunt needle. The pores of the skin are more particularly remarkable in the hands and feet. For if we wash the hands well with soap and water, and then look at the several parts with a magnifier, we shall observe a multitude of furrows, between which the pores are situated.

The hairs of animals, seen through a microscope, appear to be organized bodies: they are composed of long, slender, hollow tubes: some seem to be composed of several small hairs, covered with a common bark; others are hollow throughout. The bristles of a cat's whisker, when cut transversely, exhibit the appearance of a medullary part which occupies the middle, like the pith in the twig of the elder-tree. Those of the hedgehog contain a kind of real marrow, which is whitish, and formed of radii meeting in a centre.

The eyes of insects have afforded much room for microscopic observation. The greater part of insects have not moveable eyes, which they can cover with eyelids at pleasure. In these, the eyes are immoveable, and, as they are deprived of a covering to defend them from injuries, nature has supplied this deficiency, by forming them of a kind of corneous substance, proper for resisting the shocks to which they might be exposed. But it is not in this, that the great singularity of the eyes of insects consists. By the microscope, we find these eyes are themselves divided into a prodigious multitude of others much smaller. Some flies are said to have several thousand eyes. In all the different species they are disposed in a different manner. The dragon fly, besides the two hemispherical excrescences on the sides, which are visible to the naked eye, has between these two other eminences, the upper and convex surface of which is furnished with a multitude of eyes. The same insect has three also in front, in the form of an obtuse and rounded cone. It is an agreeable spectacle, says Leeuwenhoek, to examine this multitude of eyes in insects; for, if the observer be in a proper position, the surrounding objects appear painted on these spherical eminences; and, by means of the microscope, they are seen multiplied, almost as many times as there are eyes, and in such a distinct manner, as can never be attained by art.

THE CALEDONIAN CANAL.

The Caledonian Canal now carrying into execution in Scotland, will constitute an undertaking truly gigantic. The depth to be 20 feet; width at the bottom, 50, and at the surface of the line of water, 110. The dams or sluices from 162 to 172 feet in length, and from 38 to 40 in width. Dimensions of this magnitude will cease to excite wonder, when it is known that one main object of this canal is to be serviceable to the Royal Navy, so that frigates of 22 guns may be enabled to navigate it; in other respects, to furnish shipping with the means of avoiding a tedious and dangerous navigation round the northern and western coasts of Scotland. The whole expence about 20 millions of franks, of which 14 have been already laid out. One part of the navigation will be supplied by the means of lakes. These labours commenced in 1814, and are to terminate in 1821.

A mechanic in the North has invented a machine for seminaries, which, by means of steam, not only warms the room, but *flogs all the boys* "on a graduated scale," according to their offences.

POLYMORPHOSCOPE.

A small mirror called by this name is now made at Paris, which reflects not only the face of the lady who looks into it, but by means of painting contrived in a peculiar manner, shews her various kinds of dress and taste, so that she may see what becomes her best, and be guided accordingly in the choice of her head dress.

FALL OF THE GLACIER OF THE WEISSHORN 9000 FEET,

And Destruction of the Village of Randa.

The village of Randa is situated about six leagues above Vispach, on the south or right branch of the valley of Vispach, commonly known under the name of the Valley of St. Nicolas. The village is about 2400 feet from the right bank of the Visp, on the steep declivity of a hill composed of fragments, the stony ground of which has been converted by the industry of the inhabitants of Randa into pastures. Opposite to this hill is another of the same nature, above which are the rocks covered by the Glacier of Randa; the highest summit of which, called the Weisshorn, is elevated about 9000 feet above the village. The breadth of the valley at the height of the village (nearly 250 feet above the river), is about half a league.

On the 27th of December, 1819, about six o'clock in the morning, towards the eastern and very steep side of the highest summit of the Weisshorn, a part of the glacier became loose, fell with a noise like thunder on the mass of ice below, and announced by the most dreadful crash, the ravages with which the valley was threatened. At the moment when the snow and ice struck on the lower mass of the glacier, the clergyman of the place, and some other persons observed a strong light* which, however, immediately vanished, and every thing was again enveloped in the darkest night. A frightful hurricane, occasioned by the pressure of the air, instantly succeeded, and in a moment

* It is very desirable to obtain satisfactory information of this phenomenon, which, as far as we know, has not yet been observed in similar cases; and which, in the darkness of the night, was much too conspicuous to leave any doubt of its reality.

spread the most tremendous devastation. The fall of the glacier itself did not hurt the village, but the hurricane which it occasioned was so powerful that it threw mill-stones several toises up the mountain, tore up by the roots distant larch trees of the largest size; threw blocks of ice of four cubic feet over the village a distance of half a league; it tore off the top of the stone belfry, levelled several houses with the ground, and carried the timbers of others more than a quarter of a league beyond the village into the forest. Eight goats were whirled from a stable to a distance exceeding 100 toises; and it is remarkable that one of them was found alive. More than a quarter of a league above the valley, the barns opposite the glacier are seen stripped of their roofs.

On the whole, nine houses in the village are totally destroyed, and the other thirteen, more or less damaged; eighteen granaries, eight small dwellings, two mills, and seventy-two barns are destroyed, or irreparably injured. Of twelve persons who were buried in this catastrophe, ten are still living; one was taken out dead, and the twelfth has not yet been found.

The avalanche, formed of a mixture of snow, ice, and stones, covers the fields and the pasturages situated below the village for the length of at least 2400 feet, and extends in breadth about 1000 feet. The mass which has fallen measures on an average 150 feet in height and contains 360,000,000 cubic feet. The damage is estimated at about 20,000 francs.

It is remarkable that some barns on the other side below the glacier which were almost covered with the fragments, were thereby protected from the hurricane, and escaped uninjured; but what is much more extraordinary, is, that only two persons lost their lives, though some families were carried away with their houses and buried under the ruins and drifted snow. The prompt assistance afforded by the clergyman, who did not suffer personally, and of the two sextons, who escaped, contributed to save several persons.

It is not the first time that such a

disaster has befallen the village of Randa. In 1636, it was destroyed by a similar avalanche, when 36 persons lost their lives. It is said that at the time the whole glacier of the Weisshorn had fallen down. Two other less considerable falls happened in 1736 and 1786 but not precisely in the same place.

This time only a small part of the glacier fell down, and it is difficult to conceive how the rest, deprived of its support can maintain its position. With a good telescope enormous clefts are discovered in it, which were long since perceived with much dismay by some chamois hunters; and the part of the glacier, which has fallen, was, as it has been affirmed, separated from the mass by similar clefts. It is therefore much to be feared that the glacier cannot much longer support itself on the very steep summit, and that the remains of the village of Randa are destined to destruction by the inevitable fall of the impending glacier. The unfortunate inhabitants, must, therefore, abandon the place; and, not to remove them too far from their meadows, it is hoped that a village will be erected about half a league farther up towards Tesch. But this measure will require the assistance of the government and other communes of the canton.

RECOVERY OF THE EXECUTED.

"Sir William Petty," says Evelyn, "was the son of a mean man, somewhere in Sussex, and sent from school to Oxon where he studied philosophy, but was most eminent in mathematics and mechanics: proceeded Dr. of Physic, and was grown famous, as for his learning, so for his recovering a poor wench that had been hanged for felony; and her body having ben begged, (as the custome is) for the anatomic lecture, he bled her, put her to bed to a warm woman, and with spirits and other meanes restored her to life. The young scholars joined and made her a little portion, and married her to a man who had several children by her, she living fifteen yeares after, as I have been assured."

The editor of Evelyn's Memoirs adds in a note, "For a full account of

y remarkable event, see a pamphlet, entitled, 'Newes from the Dead, or a true and exact Narration of the Miraculous Deliverance of Anne Greene, who, being executed at Oxford, December 14, 1650, afterwards revived; and by the care of certain phisicians there, is now perfectly recovered. Added to the narrative are several copies of verses in Latin, English, and French, by a gentleman of the University, commemorative of the story; amongst others, one by Christopher Wren, the famous architect, then of Wadham College.

SALT.

It was an antient custom in the East, and in Palestine, to sprinkle salt upon newly-born infants, by which their skin was rendered more dense and solid. This practice is still continued in Tartary. The prophet Ezekiel (xvi. 4) charges Jerusalem with not having been salted.—*Hewlet, in loco.*

ORIGIN OF PROFILES.

An antient painter having been ordered to paint the portrait of his prince, who had only one eye, adopted the conciliatory expedient of painting him in profile. And this I take to have been the origin of that mode of painting, now become so general, and so much more interesting than the full face.

BACON AND LOCKE.

The avenues to learning of all kinds were planned and opened by Lord Bacon. The nature and most intimate recesses of the human mind were unfolded and explained by Locke;—and the frame and constitution of the universe by Sir Isaac Newton, in a more perfect manner than ever was done or attempted by human skill since the foundation of the world.—*Bp. Law.*

Alphabetical writing, among its many benefits of spreading Religion and the Arts, set the axe to the root of Idolatry, which had been greatly assisted by symbolical characters.

Could Louis XIV. have read, probably the Edict of Nantz had not been revoked; he was uninstructed upon system; Cardinal Mazarine, with a

view to secure his own dominion, having withheld from him all the necessary means of education;—the terms *wit* and *scholar* were in his mind terms of reproach. The apathy which marked his latter years strongly illustrated the infelicity of an unfurnished mind.

VEGETATION OF PLANTS.

It is now well known that plants not only draw through their leaves some part of their nourishment from the air, but the leaves also perform the necessary work of altering the water received in at the roots, into the nature and juices of the plant; and hence it is, that the life of the plant depends so immediately on their leaves. The husbandman often suffers for want of this knowledge. A crop of *saintfoin* is a very valuable thing, and its root being perennial, will yield him increase many years; but it is often destroyed at first, by suffering it to be indiscreetly fed upon by the sheep, which eating up all the leaves, the roots remain without the means of a supply of air, and the whole plant perishes. This remark will likewise extend to prove the absurdity of feeding down wheat in the winter and spring.

AUTHENTIC ANECDOTE.

Related by Captain Korff, who served in Spain, in a regiment of infantry of the guard of Jerome, the Ex-King of Westphalia.

Fatigued and exhausted by forced marches the regiment, to which captain Korff belonged, arrived before the monastery of Figueiras in Spain. The colonel of the regiment, a Frenchman, sent in an officer, to demand of the prior the necessary refreshment for the men, as well as for the staff, consisting of about 20 officers. The prior with some of the monks came out to meet the general, assured him that the inhabitants of Figueiras would provide for the soldiers, but that he himself would prepare a frugal meal for the staff. The prior's offer was accepted; captain Korff received from the general some commissions for the regiment, and about an hour afterwards it was announced to the prior, that the dinner was served up in the refectory of the monastery. The general, who was aware that the French in Spain had reason to be on their guard in eating and drinking what was offered by the natives, invited the prior to dine with them; he, and two other monks accepted the invitation in such a manner, as to leave no doubt that he felt himself much flattered by it. After the officers had taken their seats, the prior said grace, carved, eat of every dish

first, and with his two brethren, who poured out the wine, drank plentifully with his guests. It was not till towards the end of the repast, that captain Korff returned, having been detained by the commission of the general longer than he expected. During that interval, he had found an opportunity to take some refreshment, and only participated in the lively conversation of the company, hosts as well as guests, at the monastery. The general, in particular, expressed his satisfaction to the prior, whose kind reception had surpassed all expectation. Suddenly, however, the cheerfulness of the prior was changed into profound seriousness; he rose from his seat, thanked the company for the honour they had done him, and concluded with asking if any of them had affairs to settle in this world? adding, with emphasis, "This, Gentlemen, is the last meal you and I shall take on earth: in an hour we shall all be before the Judgment Seat of God!" Cold trembling horror seized the amazed guests; for the prior and his two monks had poisoned the wine in which they had pledged the French officers; all the antidotes given by the French physician were

in vain: in less than an hour every man of them had ceased to live *.

* We know not whether this story is in reality, one of those unquestionable facts with which the history of the Spanish contest abounds; but we are assured that its accuracy and truth are credited by many persons of integrity whose duties led them to be near the scene where it is laid. If true, as we have therefore reason to believe, it is one of the most extraordinary and memorable instances of self-devotion ever recorded. *Ed.*

SEA HORSE.

A morse, or sea-horse, ten feet long, found its way to the Hebrides, in 1817, and was killed. The inhabitants considered it as a supernatural creature, between their imaginary entity, the each nisc, or water-horse, and a non-entity, the seilch nisc, said to be seen in some of the island lakes, and 12 miles in length.

POETRY.

From the English Magazines, May 1820.

CONSUMPTION.

A FRAGMENT.

It is not so hard to die as I believed it to be. The preparation is the difficulty...I bless God I had time for that;—the rest is worse to beholders than to me. I am blessed hope—hope itself. She looked what she said.—*Clarissa Harlowe.*

THE cheek where health so lately shed
Its constant bloom of softest red,
Soon like her polish'd open brow,
Was tintless as the purest snow;
Save when delight or fever threw
A fleeting blush of crimson hue
O'er its pale surface, her dark eye
Sparkled with clearer brilliancy.
Her wasted snowy arm no more
Its former rounded beauty wore,
But every azure vein within
Shone thro' the soft transparent skin;
The touching charm, the pensive grace,
Diffused around her form and face.
Her pure decaying loveliness,
Might well some virgin saint express,
Exchanging for the light of heaven
The transient joys this earth had given.
She rose, and from her temples flung
The rich dark curls which o'er them hung;
Half fainting then she forward leant,
With drooping head and figure bent,
Her pale lips quiver'd; from her eye
Large scalding tears fell heavily;
While her small trembling hand in vain
(Striving to dull their throbbing pain)
Her fever'd temples press'd: there came
A shivering o'er her feeble frame.—

Recovering slowly, by degrees
She rais'd her head to catch the breeze
Which freshly thro' the casement blew:
Gasping, with lips apart, she drew
The cool reviving air, again
Her looks, her form, composure gain—
In tones, so weak they well betray'd
Each vital source of strength decay'd,
She spoke of the delights which gave
A cheering aspect to the grave:
While with increasing eloquence
She seem'd around her to dispense
The comfort she had fain supplied—
But * * * * *

ARTHUR STANLEY.

THE AULD MAN'S FAREWELL TO HIS WEE HOUSE.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

I like ye weel my wee auld house,
Though laigh the wa's an' flat the riggin,
Though roun' thy lum the sourcok grows,
An' rain-draps gaw thy cozy biggin'.
Lang hast thou happit mine an' me,
My head's grown grey eneath thy kipple,
An' ay thy ingle cheek was free,
Baith to the blind man an' the cripple.
What gart my ewes thrive on the hill,
An' kept my little store increasin' ?
The rich man never wished me ill;
The puir man left me aye his blessin'.

Troth I maun greet wi' thee to part,
Though to a better house I'm flittin';
Sic joys will never glad my heart,
As I've had by the hallan sittin'.

My bonny bairns around me smiled;
My sonsy wife sat by me spinnin';
Ay lintin' o'er her ditties wild,
In notes sae artless an' sae winnin'.

Our frugal meal was ay a feast;
Our e'ening psalm a hymn o' joy,
Ay calm an' peacefu' was our rest;
Our bliss, our love without alloy.

I canna help but haud thee dear,
My auld storm-battered hamely shielin',
Thy sooty lum an' kipples clear,
I better loe than gaudy ceilin'.

Thy roof will fa', thy rafters start,
How damp and cauld thy hearth will be!
Ay! sae will soon ilk honest heart,
That erst was bauld an' blythe in thee!

I thought to eour aneath thy wa',
Till death had closed my weary een,
Then left thee for the narrow ha',
Wi' lowly roof o' swaird sae green.

Fareweel my house, an' burnie clear,
My bourtree bush, an' bouzy tree,

The wee while I maun sojourn here
I'll never find a hame like thee.

From the Romance of "The Monastery."

AIR.

Tune "Blue Bonnets over the Border."

I.

March, march, Ettrieke and Teviotdale,
Why the deil dinna ye march forward in order;
March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,
All the blue bonnets are bound for the Border.
Many a banner spread,
Flutters above your head,
Many a crest that is famous in story,
Mount and make ready then,
Sons of the mountain glen,
Fight for the Queen and our old Scottish glory.

II.

Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing,
Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;
Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing,
Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.
Trumpets are sounding,
War-steeds are bounding,
Stand to your arms then, and march in good order,
England shall many a day
Tell of the bloody fray,
When the Blue Bonnets came over the Border.

INTELLIGENCE.

An ingenious mechanical invention has lately been completed, which opens a new and inexhaustible source of information to those who are afflicted by the privation of sight. It is called a Duplex Typograph, and enables the blind to receive and communicate ideas by means of letters, upon a principle adapted to the sense of feeling. Thus then has science discovered a new road to minds, from which she has hitherto been almost excluded. The apparatus is compact and portable, and the system so simple and intelligible, that it may be acquired by the blind in a very short space of time, and its application is instantly comprehended by others. The inventor is Mr. J. Purkis, brother of a well-known musical character, who by the aid of a skilful oculist, obtained the blessings of sight at the age of thirty, after having been blind from the time of his birth. On the same subject it is just to add, that we have for some months been in possession of a sheet printed by Dr. Edmund Fry, on which the letters are raised on the paper and capable of being felt and read by the finger's end.

In addition to former notices respecting the MSS. found in Herculaneum, we have to announce the unrolling of eighty-eight. Most of these consist of works by the Greek philosophers or Sophists; nine are by Epicurus; thirty-two bear the name of Philodemus, three by Demetrius, one by Calotes, one by Polystratus, one by Carniades, and one by Chrysippus. These works, with like others, the authors of which are unknown, treat of natural or moral philosophy, of medicine, of arts, manners and customs.

At Pompeia, there have been recently discovered several fresh buildings, in the line of the beautiful street that leads to the temple of Isis, to that of Hercules, and to the Thea-

tre. In a house which doubtless was the residence of some experienced medical practitioner, chirurgical instruments of a highly finished workmanship, have been found, with a number of excellent paintings representing fruits and animals.

It appears by the news from Egypt, that the labours of the canal of Rosetta are proceeding with all imaginable activity, and it was then (Sept. 1819,) calculated, that the waters of the Nile might be introduced into it, by the middle of October. In Upper Egypt, some discoveries have been made of certain iron and lead mines. Mehemed Ali Pacha has sent a number of chemists and miners, to make researches for the gold and emerald mines that have been buried for some centuries, and he has promised a very great reward to any one who shall discover a coal mine in Upper Egypt.

M. Frediani, of whom a rapid notice has been sketched,* was, the winter before last, at Palmyra: he then visited Egypt, and proceeded to the mountains of Sinai and Horeb, in the route of the children of Israel. After this he came to Tor, in Arabia Petraea, on his return from the delectable region of Elim; this was in May, 1819. He stopped there some weeks, for rest and recreation, and was then intending to prosecute further discoveries.

Dr. Marcet has confirmed by experiment Dr. Wollaston's hypothesis, that all sea-water contains a small portion (say 1-2000th part of pot-ash. Dr. W. thinks it exists in a state of sulphate.

AMBER.

Dr. Brewster maintains, from a multitude of examinations, that amber is an indurate vegetable juice.

* See Ath. Vol. VI. p. 345.